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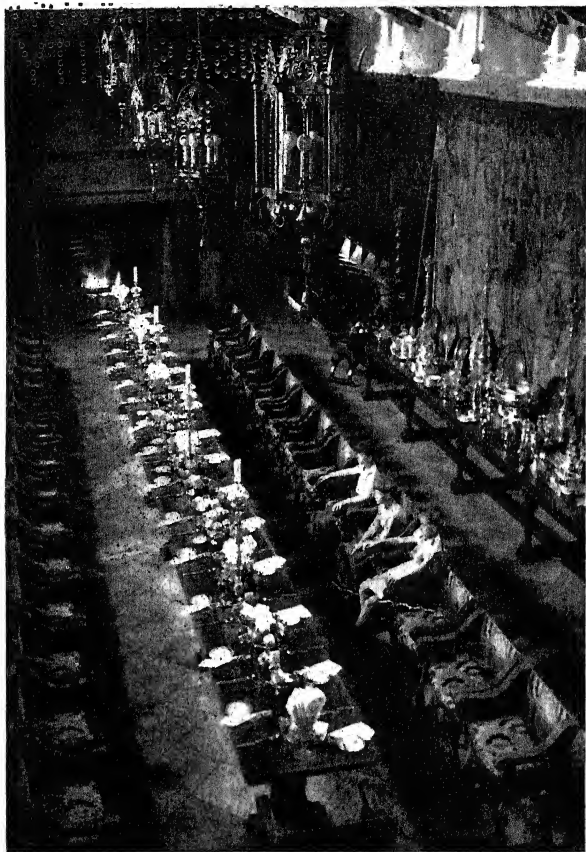












*Photo by James E. Abbe*

We were always the first at mealtime in the dining-room at  
Hearst Castle, as you can see

# OF ALL PLACES!

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By PATIENCE, RICHARD  
and JOHNNY ABBE

*Authors of "Around the  
World in Eleven Years"*



ILLUSTRATED

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FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY  
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THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED  
TO THE CHILDREN AND THE PEOPLE  
OF AMERICA  
WHO HAVE WRITTEN LETTERS  
TO PATIENCE, RICHARD AND JOHNNY  
ABBE



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## *Chapter I*

I, JOHNNY, WOULD LIKE to tell everybody that my name is Johnny and not John. Even in our book they put my name as John when it is really Johnny. And when they write about us some people still say John. So now I say that my real name is Johnny.

I, Richard, say we feel the same as we ever did and still like to go on the trips, and so long as we let live, they'll let us live.

I, Patience, think it was a funny thing how some people got fresh with us and thought just because we wrote a book they could be fresh with us. Some people out here began bossing us around. So Mamma got very mad and she said, "Everybody in America who takes you for what you are likes you for what you are, so nothing else matters." Of course, the people who started to insult us with a laugh out here



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Mamma said were only half-boiled, so should be ignored.

It was a funny thing how everybody who met us expected us to be very spoiled. Just flops and show-offs. You could always tell the people who understand human beings and animals when they began to talk. We have understood why they expected us to be spoiled. I suppose just because we have new bicycles, new skates and a new automobile, that makes you spoiled. Spoiled children are those who stay up to ten o'clock every night, go to a movie every day and whine.

We like pretty nearly everybody we have met. We like all those people who wrote about us in the papers, except those who called us brats. And most of all we like all those people and children who wrote us letters telling how smart they were and how they thought about this and that. There are a lot of smart children in the United States. They review books, write plays, act in them, write poetry, play piano, violin and so on and so forth, and the only difference between these children and us is that we went on the trips and they didn't. So you see how it is.

We like Hollywood because we have had more to eat here than in any other place since we were rich in

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Paris and have the 1st new auto we ever had in our lives. When we came out of Russia we saw all the delicatessens in Berlin and they had wurst and pickles and chocolates with pink insides, so we ate all of this at once, and so we got all sick at once. This was because we were used to eating good black bread in Moscow without much trimmings, so when we began to eat rich food we couldn't take it. And if we had landed in Hollywood from Moscow the same thing would have happened because we would have begun to eat so many different things. These markets out here are full of every food to be had in the world and they fix the fruit so that they look like flower markets. Very colorful and gay. But they charge more at some markets than in others for the same kind of food.

We get 25 cents a day for lunch at the school cafeteria. We spend 15 cents and Johnny and I, Richard, save ten cents a day so I have saved 27 dollars and Johnny 15. Patience doesn't save anything. She is a spendthrift and is always buying pocketbooks, licorice and bubble gum. She doesn't look for bargains, but always buys the best. She is also interested in perfumes and new shoes, and likes to wear clean stockings once a day. She is getting very dainty.

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But people say she always was anyway. Johnny and I are interested in the free things and Johnny can get into the lion farm any time he wants to because he is still young enough.

Hollywood is sort of a rich place when you look down on it from the hills. It is also a spoiled place because people complain when the weather doesn't suit them. And Hollywood is also a place where you can be forgotten in five minutes. Once we were in an auto with Helen Buchanan and we saw a man with dark brown eyes with a film over them and he didn't look at us as we stopped for the light, and his clothes were not very good and she said, Hollywood is also a desperate place. And Mamma said, also cock-eyed. And so you see, Hollywood is all sorts of places. And Kolma Flake says Hollywood is the city of tomorrow. And Mamma said "Why?" and she said, "Well, today you might be making 35 dollars a week and tomorrow you make 3,500." And so people are always hoping they will get 3,500 dollars a week and those who do get it are now saving their money because tomorrow may not ever come after it is once gone. And then Mamma says sometimes it comes, like you go up and come down and go up again, and those who have only yesterday might get a tomorrow

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if they live long enough and don't jump in the lake first. So you see how Hollywood is.

Everyone here talks about movies and wants to work in them, except insurance people and people who sell land and houses, and even they think their best customers are movies. Why on their signs they have, "\$300. an acre, near Barbara Stanwyck." And even the restaurants say on their signs, "Dine with the stars." And men even make their living with a sign saying "Guide to the movie stars' homes." You have to go up to them with your own car and they ride with you and point out who lives here and who lives there. Why, when we first came George Gruskin took us for a ride and pointed out Eddie Cantor's house and Wallace Beery's and Mary Pickford's house.

We are older now than we were because we did not come to Hollywood from the ranch. So first we must tell what happened in between.

## *Chapter II*

WHEN WE LEFT THE ranch in Colorado we borrowed some money from Uncle Bee and went on the bus to New York. Eddie Starr took us to Denver in the station wagon, but before we went the ranch friends all came over the last evening and brought their own wood and food and gave us a surprise party in the shack. They are good friends and still think the same of us as they ever did. Just the way we think the same of them. When you once have good friends it is a good idea to always keep them, because most people you meet are only acquaintances and forget you very easily if they think you are not valuable anymore. Our ranch friends hung our stockings up on a horse shoe over the door to bring us luck and we all marched through the door under them. They really wished us good luck and so we did have good luck. That



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is the sort of friends to have. You always have luck when people wish it on you and mean it.

When we got to Denver Eddie said we could get a room for forty cents, but we only found one for one dollar for the four of us and Mamma said she found out the next morning it wasn't such a good hotel, but we only slept there from eight that night to eight the next morning. The man who showed us our room said to be sure we locked the door.

Then we got on the bus. The bus was marvelous. We only got off once in Topeka, Kansas, and rode all night and all day the rest of the time, and only Mamma got tired. There were people on board who were on since San Diego, California, and could sleep sitting up and even joke when they were awake. Mamma said they must have been iron people. Mamma always wanted to get off, but we wanted to stay on the bus. Johnny liked the idea of looking out the window at night because you went along and all the people in the houses were asleep and you were awake and not missing all the night sights. Mamma seemed to start to have delicate ideas when we left the ranch and was tired all the way from Denver to New York. Why we got so we could sleep sitting up as good as anybody. And they

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stopped all the time for the comfort stations. This was a stylish way of saying toilets, of course.

It is a very funny thing, but there is always what they call a crab on every bus, and the bus driver has to be thinking all the time to keep his people in a good humor with the crab. We had one crab who looked just like a crab. Her mouth was all screwed up and she said she had to sit right behind the driver because she had to have the window up, and just so soon as anyone wants a window open everyone else wants it shut. And so the lady who sat next to this crab was very good and went around saying, that crab has to have the window open because she cannot have cigarette smoke in her lungs because she just had an operation. And there were all kinds of remarks passed behind her back, but she stayed the way she was and seemed all the time to be thinking about something not very good. And the bus driver said to a very busy woman who was talking to him in the restaurant where we were eating cherry pie, there are all kinds of people in the world and you shut them up in a bus and you are sure to find a crab among them.

Buses are remarkable and bus drivers are very remarkable. They are brave and calm. They have to

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be thinking about driving fast and whether there are any crabs aboard or whether there will be any fights or arguments and what to do in case. But generally people in America are very patient and are used to being rolled along on wheels and know how to act, therefore, and change their seats, if there are any to change to, rather than start an argument about cigarette smoke or open windows. But if there is any argument the driver shows that he is a general and very politely asks the nice people to change with the bad people and so keeps war from breaking out. That is why we like bus drivers.

Then we went to Washington, D.C., and went into the White House and sat on the President's chair and saw Leila Stiles and Peter Carter and went in Aunt Joady and Uncle Stan's yacht. Then we went into the bus station where there were a lot of old ladies who are always traveling around on buses all over America, and we had a fight, and then we went off to New York, and landed there, first going through the big tunnel which was marvelous. Papa met us and took us to his hotel.

We started to run up and down Fifth Avenue, but all these people looked at us very stuck up because we had corduroy pants on. One woman said to

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Mamma, "What are these children doing on Fifth Avenue? Why aren't they in school?" So Mamma said, "I'll thank you, Madame, to go home and tend to your own children. You probably have just been sitting in a bar drinking cocktails and playing bridge, so you have nothing to do but mind my business. I won't tell you what we are about at all." So this woman sniffed. But we were used to a ranch with plenty of room to run on and you can't run on Fifth Avenue. Richard and Johnny bumped into four men's stomachs, and these men looked very angry and sneered at us. Fifth Avenue can be a cruel place. But what do you expect with everybody so dressed up? They don't feel like running or letting anyone else run.

So then George Bye, who is the man we send everyone to see when they want us for anything, introduced us to Konrad Bercovici, and we went up for a week-end at his house. And so we never came back to New York City, but went right to school on Monday from Konrad's house, and Naomi made us our lunch, and that afternoon we went to live in their other house across the road for fifty dollars a month. This was in Ridgefield, Conn., a beautiful town with trees and white houses and very chic, and mostly

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everyone there is rich, and some very stuck up. But some are not. When you are somebody in Ridgefield everyone knows you, but when you are nobody you have to have real friends. It is an old town with white houses and green shutters and only the gardeners and janitors march in the parades.

We used to go over to lunch and dinner a lot at Konrad's. He wore a blue shirt, red bellyband and a white coat with black embroidery on it. He has black hair and black eyes and a black mustache and he is very educated and speaks many languages. He was very sick when we were there, but he had patience. Naomi is a smart lady, very small, and once Marionette was standing on the road and saw Naomi's car coming at 8 miles an hour and so Marionette said, that must be a high-powered car to go so slowly, but Naomi is very careful in cars. They are all artists, this family, and excitable, but have good brains. But they never agree about one thing at the same time. Never.

When they went to New York for the winter they left Fred, their chauffeur, they also left their dog Larry, and Mae West, the cow. Fred slept in our maid's room. Fred is also a writer, but he doesn't

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know how to write and besides his typewriter was in hock.

There was a blizzard and Papa went to Harvard to take pictures in the Chevrolet Colonel Pope gave him. He took Jimmie, his son. Colonel Pope has a beaver rug for his car.

When this big blizzard came it was the coldest winter in Ridgefield for ten years. Mamma had used all the two tons of coal we had and she did not want to get some more on credit, because people in Ridgefield are supposed to be rich. One day we were sitting in the kitchen with Fred who had hair the color of straw and was very young, and it was cold, but not so bad that you could not stand it, unless you went upstairs in the bedrooms or took a bath upstairs. So the wind blew and the snow came down and the school bus didn't come. So Fred was really getting very excited and worried for fear he might get too cold. So he said, "I'm going out to cut down a dead tree," and he ran out of the door with an ax into the blizzard just like he was crazy like you see them doing in movies. We could not see him through the window, so we went out with the sled and you couldn't see us, and Fred sawed and sawed and then we sawed while Fred went in to warm him-

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self, and then we dragged the trees into the house through the kitchen door. And then the wood was all wet, so Fred said things were getting desperate, but we laughed. It was a little like when Mamma sat down and cried on the ranch when we got the driest wood we could under logs in the pouring rain when we had no wood in the shack to cook with. But you see the sun always comes out if you wait long enough and there is no use getting hysterical about anything.

We had a thermometer outside our window and we got the habit from the people next door of looking how cold it was. Before that we always got along without a thermometer. We also had a radio.

So Mae West was shut in the barn over to Ber-covici's and Fred always whined a little when he had to go through the snow to give her water, and she was going to have a calf too. And once a lady said when she had to go across the snow to get some groceries because the truck couldn't come to her door because the snow was two feet deep, "Really, this is the last straw. Life is too thick." And Mamma said, "For heaven's sake, think of the starving people who would be willing to walk ten miles for food in ten feet of snow," and the lady said, "That's right,

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there are a lot of starving people in the world," and Mamma said, "Yes, but they don't really starve, except in certain places. Most of the other people get very hungry, and they are trying to stop starvation for good and all." But this lady's sink was all stuffed up and made a smell in her kitchen, and she wasn't used to sleeping with anybody but herself and was cold at night because she kept her window wide open. So things were pretty hard to take, what with being snowed in, cold in bed, and she wasn't able to get orange juice.

And so we lived on and on and the lady next door made home-made cigarettes for Mamma and herself because we were counting pennies in those days. It was nothing like this where we went right out and bought a brand new auto, and brand new bicycles and skates and have cold beer for our guests and food. This lady was always crocheting and making polite conversation and wrote articles and stories and her husband was writing a book and also articles and stories, and the winter was very quiet and peaceful, although poor, and we had a good time in school and went on the school bus every morning, which was free, and came back in the afternoon. This man next door made life dainty for himself and us by



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putting wreaths on our door and on plates on the table, and sometimes we divided food and life was hopeful.

So then Papa gets out of the Chevy with a hitchhiker, a big tall boy, eighteen years old. His face was blue with the cold because he didn't have any underwear on, and Papa had picked him off the road in Rhode Island in a blizzard. So the man next door, whose name is Carl Helm, and his wife named Jean Helm, ran over and got him some heavy drawers and socks and boots, and this boy sat by the fireplace on the floor thawing out his feet. Why he was not dead we do not know because he came from California where they are not used to this kind of weather.

So then this hitchhiker slept in the room Fred had because Fred couldn't take it and had gone to the city with Konrad. Why, Fred didn't think it was even romantic when there was a fox crawling over the snow in the moonlight in the apple orchard and everything was so quiet and peaceful, but cold. So this hitchhiker gave the water to Mae West and also went down in the well when Konrad's motor was all in a flood in the well and cut off our water and took out the motor and saved it and kept it in our oven. So this hitchhiker stayed until spring and

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was useful getting wood and keeping Konrad's motor from being ruined, because all the cellars and wells were flooded. Then he left because it was spring and he had to get on the road. But he came back in one week, but then he left and Mamma said this had to be for good, because spring was in his blood and he was young.

### *Chapter III*

WELL, WE KEPT RIGHT on living in this house and nothing bad happened except I, Patience, got the itch and Richard broke his arm. Johnny stayed about the same. Johnny is the kind of a boy who stays about the same all the time. Mamma says he is solid like a rock. He is also reasonable, although he has red hair. Richard is the sort of a boy who will always be loved. He is handsome and kind, and thoughtful. Mamma said this itch was a disgrace because people were beginning to know about us, and she didn't know what the itch was until Aunt Connie told her about it, she being a trained nurse. It seems I caught it somewhere like I caught bedbug bites in the datcha in Russia. It still seems to be an argument about this itch because Mamma argued with three doctors and so finally one doctor said it was acid in my blood

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because he saw it with a wooden spoon he pulled up and down my chest. But Papa said the best families get this itch too.

One day Papa took me, Patience, down to Washington, D.C., in the Chevy, to fill up the time that I could get over this disease, and we met Luke Stapleton and Leila Stiles and Peter Carter, Senator Duffy, Speaker of the House Byrns, Representative Andrew Somers, Clarence Marshall, who sends the funnies to me, Reba Doughton and her father, Representative Doughton. I lived one night in Reba's suite at the Wardman Park Hotel. We also met Agnes and Barge Hartz. The Wardman Park Hotel was very chic compared to where I really lived at a lodging house on 17th Street right behind the Mayfair Hotel. Papa and I had a suite in the cellar and I did the cooking. These people came to my dinner party of wienies. The landlady was Miss Head, and read stories to me. We did the marketing together and, while we were humble, we were not snubbed by our rich friends.

And Uncle Luke's wife in New York thought Luke Stapleton was taking a bigger girl out to dinner than I am but when she finally saw me she changed her mind and was friends. She then took us all to

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lunch at the Plaza with her two beautiful children. One looks like a doll and the other is smart and chic, but they ought to be, having a Scotch nurse, and washed and ironed all the time. Richard ate lamb chops with his fingers at the Plaza Hotel by picking up the end with the fancy paper on it and these people around looked at him in a funny way. He acted very ignorant, but Aunt Catherine seemed to be able to take it, because she knew as well as we did that we didn't come from the gutter. Our cousin Paul Lecomte was also there and he was very bashful, being only eighteen years old. He said afterwards that he had never been in such a swell hotel before and he watched Mamma how she ate and ordered exactly what Mamma ordered. Mamma says there are not many boys of eighteen nowadays so bashful as Paul. She says it would be much better if there were. Mamma likes old-fashioned things.

There was a girl who came to see us and we had a fight. She said, "Oh, just because you wrote a book you think you are somebody." So I was not thinking I was somebody, so I told her I refused to play with her even if she was my guest. But Mamma made me apologize because I was the hostess, even though she was ignorant. So I poured out some

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tomato juice and served it, and we went on playing. We have had to have several fights about these very same remarks, and I, Johnny, have pasted a couple of guys in the jaw, for this very same thing. So Jeannie Lyons said, "Now we shall go on and have a play and have no more fights." Jeannie is growing very gentle and would never insult anyone who wrote a book. Neither would my other best girl friend, Harriet Johnson. Aunt Billie was there and she began to sing some songs and every time she sings I feel calm. Aunt Billie is a lady who is a good mother to her daughter and sees to it that Jeannie gets the water off the spinach, when they have spinach, even when people think that is useless. She has her own ideas. When she was up to our house all the beds were full so she slept on the couch and we ran in and out, in and out, and it was remarkable how she could sleep.

One day we left to go to New York to Lord and Taylor's where a lot of new people came to see us and Aunt Emma, Mamma's sister, put a large pink ribbon on my hair. We were by now having some money from Stokes Company and *Atlantic Monthly*, and could order steaks instead of hamburger and the storekeeper would tell Mamma what they had in the way of the best things and the dearest. So Mamma

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said now she felt like the Duchess of Ridgefield, and she wondered what all our friends would say about this. But we were having a good time. Mamma said if it wasn't for us she could not be the Duchess of Ridgefield, and Papa said that was what came of picking out the right children.

So in this Lord and Taylor's Richard was getting tired of signing his name and Johnny, who is a very good business man, reminded Richard that we got 30 cents everytime somebody bought a book, and we had to give 3 cents to George Bye. So then Richard went to work. They were lovely to us in Lord and Taylor's, being very refined people, and mostly read the *Atlantic Monthly*. The lady who owns the books there gave us each a beautiful book, although it took Johnny a long time to make his mind up because he wanted a fat book, so then he finally got a package with six little books in it, and this satisfied him.

Then we went to the Dutch Treat Club and sat with the President, Mr. Budington Kelland and Mrs. Chase, who owns *Vogue*, and George Bye, and Ray Bolger and his girl partner. These last two were funny people and artists. There was also an opera singer at our table with blond hair with a fine voice. Then Mamma and Papa had an argument because

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Papa got up and spoke and then Mamma got up and said it was now about time Papa stopped making her out like that, and so she started arguing. I guessed the people laughed to be polite. But we did not care for this argument. And I, Richard, could have told these people, if they'd asked me, how to kill a rattlesnake.

Papa and George Bye did not know us when we got to this club because Best and Company had dressed us up free and washed and cut our hairs. And because these people are very chic they wouldn't even let me, Patience, wear the socks I bought in the 5 and 10 cent store. They even took off my green pearl beads.

Everybody said they couldn't recognize us because this was the first time in our lives we had ever been dressed by Best and Company. But you can get used to anything. Jimmie James admired Richard and Johnny's cravat so much he said he was going to get one like it. He saw these cravats at our broadcasts at Radio City.

But I, Richard, don't want you to think for one moment they made sissies out of us because we are not the type for what the well dressed boy should wear. Not on your life. We're satisfied with any-



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thing so long as it fits us. But this was the very first time we ever had white shoes with brown leather trimming. Patience is the type for what the best dressed girl will wear, though. She has a certain style, and is very particular about the way she looks and the way her hair is parted even, and she likes to wear a clean dress every day. She was born to be dainty, and is the sort that puts the best she has on and doesn't worry about the laundry piling up. She is a sort of a thoroughbred. She and Mrs. Chase would get along very well about agreeing on styles we imagine. She is the type who belongs with Mr. Steichen who took our pictures for *Vogue*, and Mr. Huené of *Harper's Bazaar* also took her picture, making her look very delicate.

We went down to the Sleepy Hollow shop and had a tea party and people came, especially a lady with a beautiful pink hat, named Helen Worden. We went because these people are very special friends of our very special friend, Mr. Frederick Stokes. These people were all very refined like Mr. Stokes. Very educated and high class. John and Gerry Krimsky came also, and John's wife. These people are also refined, but not old-fashioned. You can be either way and be high class when you are refined. Most

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people who read books are refined. Jimmie, Papa's son, is also refined like this. He has five suits of clothes and has handsome girl friends who know what the latest thing in this and that is.

We opened the children's department at Wanamaker's by selling our books with autographs. They gave me, Patience, a very chic blue tweed suit free, and Johnny and Richard a couple of rubber cigars.

Then we went to Boston in the President's suite with Uncle Tom Mahony and we went up the river and saw the insane asylum on an island in the river, and the next day we went to Jordan Marsh and met some more people and had a big fight. We met Uncle Joe Barber and Mr. Weeks and their wives and Polly Prim. These are very refined Boston people, although some of them don't come from Boston.

Then when we were going home everybody was talking to us and Papa walked right out of the hotel without the luggage, although Mamma told him to see to it, because we were so busy, so we got to the boat and it was going any minute so we had to send a taxi back with Jimmie Niles to get it ten minutes before the boat left and Rose Niles and her friend stood on the dock getting excited. And when we got back to New York, after Johnny won 2.25 at the

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horse races, we went to a circus on the Pennsylvania roof in honor of Dexter Fellows who wrote a book about the circus and people in it. He seemed to have lived a very interesting life and knew all the great clowns of the world.

After this we went to live on West Mountain, in Ridgefield. This was a wooden house right in the woods against the sky and locusts sang all day long, and we had no electric lights, but four bathrooms, and five kerosene lamps. Mr. Holmes was the caretaker and was a nice quiet man with a dog which was left to him called Admiral Jellicoe. He also had a wife who made good cake and was also very quiet and minded her own business like a nice woman ought to.

One day Mamma took us to an apartment house in New York and a lady who looked a little like Mémé said, "God bless you. So you are Molly's little children. Oh, God bless you, God bless you." This was Aunt Mary who has false teeth which she doesn't wear only when she feels like it. So Aunt Mary then came up to keep house for us on the mountain and her husband Uncle Frank came up when he was off work. He only had ten days' work a month. But he would rather work ten days a month than not at all.

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Aunt Mary, who is Mémé's sister, naturally loved Richard very much and said, "Mark my words, Molly," she meant Mamma, "I'll be dead and gone and you will have a son that you can be proud of. He is very smart. You know I sometimes forget my grammar and say 'ain't.' One day I said to Richard, 'It ain't so hot today,' and he said with a smile, 'Oh, ain't it?' He's a smart boy with a lot of style." Aunt Mary cooked and cooked for us and never was tired of it for us. And she made everything taste good, like corn beef and cabbage.

Aunt Mary has beautiful hands and once was rich, but now is not. But she does not whine. She says to Mamma, "Molly, I'm sitting here and telling you that I have a beautiful character." And she has. Mamma said Aunt Mary also has beautiful feet and legs and Aunt Mary says it's true. She also said she had the most beautiful shoulders in the world. So you see if you have all this when you are sixty-five years old you must have a beautiful character.

Aunt Mary thinks the sun rises and sets on Mamma. Mamma can do no wrong with Aunt Mary, and the reason why she calls Mamma Molly is because she called Mamma "Molly Bairn" when she was little. Aunt Mary just raves about Mamma and says, "Why,

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your mother was the most beautiful child and girl in the world. I can see her now on her knees by her little white bed praying." So you see what Aunt Mary thinks of Mamma.

One day a tall, very thin boy came to the door and we didn't know him and then suddenly we saw it was the hitchhiker. So Papa said, "Let him stay." So we let him stay. But then Mamma said, "He must go because he seems to be a bum." So we let him go.

Then the Board of Education came up on Johnny's birthday, and after this a lot of society people and psychiatrists and a lot of other people. Harvey Keeler taught Johnny and me, Patience, arithmetic and Harriet Johnson my best friend came to stay over nights with me when I didn't spend over night with her. Her mother was the one who found out that Richard had a streptococci throat. We had to depend on Harvey to take us to the cinema in Danbury and he always could be depended on because Papa wouldn't take us.

Aunt Mary wouldn't go to movies because she liked to sit on the porch and rest while we were gone, but she never complained. And she had rheumatism, and Aunt Connie told us of a medicine that made her father's stiff arm go up to his shoulder where before

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he couldn't move it, so Aunt Mary took this medicine, at a dollar a bottle, and she said before she could not walk up the stairs without groaning but after five bottles of this medicine she was a young girl again.

Then Parson Lusk used to come up with his family and brought more society people, but he will never get over having lunch with George Bye and us at the Friday Club and he did not get anything to eat because he picked out hors d'œuvres and then forgot to order some more lunch from the waiter because everyone was talking so much. There were a lot of famous people there. It is a funny thing about being famous. Maybe the whole world does not know about you, but you are famous in certain crowds you go with anyway, sometimes. Like in Hollywood you can be famous and are famous even if you are a five and ten cent store girl because you waited on a star, and your friends all ask you around to hear about it, and when you live in Hollywood you are famous because you are in a famous place and apt to see famous people any time. And that makes you famous too. You cannot live in a famous place without being part of the fame, can you?

Aunt Gretchen, who used to be a star in a show where Mamma was just one of the girls, came up



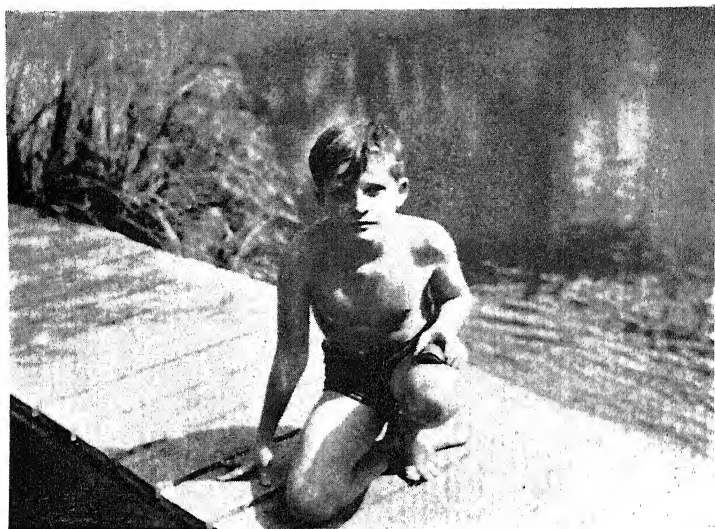
*Photo by Stanley W. Blackburn*

Patience, Richard and Johnny Abbe



*Photo by James E. Abbe*

The cross marks Harriet Johnson



Jimmie Grant, a valiant boy



Marianne, a girl who loves children



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with her husband Uncle Duncan and her son Jimmie Grant for the week-end and so Jimmie stayed all summer. But that was all right because if Jimmie hadn't stayed with us Mamma was going to have some poor children up. But then people said, "Oh, we think that is one of the most terrible things you could do because when you send these children back to the slums they are dissatisfied." So we had Jimmie Grant instead, although he is not poor.

We went up to Mrs. Johnson's camp on the lake and nearly drowned and Jimmie Grant was a hero and swam over to get Johnny who was standing on Patience's head and Patience was on the bottom of the lake, and when Johnny saw Jimmie he tried to stand on Jimmie's neck, so all three were drowning when Aunt Connie jumped in with all her clothes on and so we were all saved, and Mamma nearly fainted and Mrs. Johnson carried me, Patience, out in her arms. And so it was on the radio and in the newspapers. But I, Johnny, do not see why the newspapers came up to our house when we *didn't* drown. Jimmie went with us to Maine and got a decoration which was a fifty cent piece. But Mrs. Johnson did not get anything, but we are going to bring her something from a very far place someday, because she saved our lives.

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But she is not the kind who would save someone for a reward, and so when she gets this present she will get a big surprise. A lady sent an anonymous letter saying Mamma was a dope.

## *Chapter IV*

AFTER THAT WE WENT to Maine and all through New England. We went to Alfred, Maine, because Papa happened to be born there when his father was taking his mother around the country in a horse and carriage, so they landed in Alfred just in time. Papa was a guest of honor there, after he took us through all the little places where all the Abbes lived once upon a time and we saw all the tombstones of the Abbes and our great grandfather's with his three wives. Betty Prior was with us and Jimmie Grant. Betty had hay fever and was not used to going from one place to another, but she at least wasn't in the Chevy. We traded our Chevy with her mother for their Packard until we did the trip. Betty had hay fever all the time, but she tried to act as though she did not have it. We went to see Rose Niles and went up in the State tower and visited the

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prison in Concord, and the keeper would not allow us to ask who were robbers and so on and so forth. The prison had only two women in it and it was all decorated in pretty curtains, and only for the bars you'd have thought it was a club. The nurse there said if people have to go to prison there is no use making them feel more sad than they are anyway. The warden had big fierce police dogs, and one who lived in the jail and was the jail dog. This warden was a human being.

We then saw Harry Hammond, who sells antiques. His wife gave us many books. Harry Hammond has white hair, and was a boyhood friend of Papa's. We also went through the wool factory of Hodgson's, the lady having braids around her head, and being known as Aunt Bertha.

Then we landed at Aunt Mag's, the Sign of the Motor Car. This is a very stylish inn, and we met all the Taylors and their relatives. There is a girl up there who is the daughter of Mrs. Maxwell Barus and she told me that when they have company, which is every day, because they are all relatives up there and live in the pine forest and have sailboats each, they have ten to fourteen pounds of lima beans every day, and when we were there they had two chickens and

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the beans came on and she whispered to the cook and she said, fourteen pounds today. So it was true. They had a pony called Big Enough, and dogs and in the kitchen was a mamma cat with some kittens very busy eating their dinner. And so the first time in our lives we went out in a sailboat, and Helen and Sis and Ellen were there and Mamma said they were just as nice people as she always said they were and they thought the same of us. They had a marvelous station wagon to haul all the children around in and the dogs and cats.

When we came back from the trip Aunt Mary was still there at our house, and she said she tried not to be lonesome in the country all alone after being used to city life. When people came to see us while we were away Aunt Mary always gave them milk and invited them to stay all night and as sure as Aunt Mary did not like the people who came to see us she would always wear her false teeth. Hasoutra, who is a dancer, said she often felt like Aunt Mary and wondered whether she ought to keep her teeth in. Hasoutra hasn't false teeth, though.

Aunt Mary has very high class ideas and once there were some very high class people to dinner and Aunt Mary had her teeth in all the time and would not

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come in and then she came to the door and said, "Mrs. Abbe," and Mamma was very surprised, so she said, "Yes," and Aunt Mary said, "Will you have your coffee now, Mrs. Abbe?" But Aunt Mary said she did it because we should have had a butler that night.

Then Papa met Lizzy through a boy we knew in Paris who came up in a station wagon, which is our favorite auto, and a doberman pincher and a dachshund and Lizzy. So through Lizzy he met her father and through him he went to Spain to the war, and all the people of Ridgefield went down to see Papa off to the war on the *Berengaria*. Then we came home with Harvey Keeler to our mountain, but it did not seem the same and we were very quiet and remembering Papa going off on the big boat to the war and the big ocean getting wider between us, and Aunt Mary said it was also lonesome, so we called up Aunt Connie and Mildred Gilman and Dorothy Nebel and her husband Fred and the Robert Fishers and said we were going away. So they said, "I guess you will feel better on the road," so Aunt Mary and Uncle Frank and Aunt Emma, Mamma's sister, packed us up and we went off the mountain down the stony road and got on the road.

Mamma said, "Now we shall do a tour of America,"

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so Aunt Emma and William and Paul put us on the train and we went to Niagara Falls and took a sight-seeing car and when we got on the Canadian side they said, "Are you American citizens?" and it is almost like being in Europe except these guards at the bridge spoke English with an accent. Niagara Falls is beautiful and they spend 500 dollars a night lighting it up with colors, and the color of the rainbow. You can get an idea of the Falls by what they say in a book they have. "In this spot the traveler is held with reverence, for as the green waters change to smoke in the plunge from the skies to the rocks, white mists drift in clouds to the music and ceaseless song of the cataracts. The famous bridges which frown down on the frantic and frothy water, the hoarse and tortured water racing in search of freedom." So you can get a good idea from this.

After this we went on the train again through Canada, which is a quiet country with Ford cars, and went to Chicago. The hotel was the Sherman House full of jewelry salesmen and they were carrying jewelry up and down the corridors into rooms also full of jewels and these people had parties all night. This was called a convention. There was lots of noise and excitement, and we liked it because they

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had restaurants and cafes and coffee rooms and cafeterias in the lobby and one place cost more than the other and they had slot machines. So then Lieutenant Cusack came to see us after Bill Robson and Jack and Bill saw us for the broadcast, and he was going to take us out in the patrol wagon, but we got busy. It was too bad about not going in the patrol wagon. Then we went to the hospital to have a needle in my arm for poison ivy with Jack. And after that we went special to see Grossmutter. Then we were taken up to Winetka by a friend of Mamma's, Mr. Alfred Eddy and his wife, to see their children and ride bicycles and talk about things in general and to look over each other after so many years, and no one seemed dissatisfied.

Bill Robson is a man who dresses in tails at his broadcasts for the Sears, Roebuck and he said he was charmed with my pink formal which cost \$6.50 at Carson, Pirie, Scott. He and I, Patience, send letters to each other. The man who owns the book store in Carson, Pirie, Scott and is the manager gave us books. These people who own books are very kind with their books. A man also sent us a dictionary called Thorndike Century Junior Dictionary to the hotel. This is the finest dictionary for children and is appre-



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ciated at our school, which is the Selma Avenue School, Hollywood, Calif. It makes you understand words better than the other dictionaries. There was also a taxi driver who is a writer and everyone he meets in his taxi who is famous he writes about. He was a very special taxi driver.

So we left these new and old friends and went on the streamliner called The City of Denver, which Alfred Eddy had arranged for us to get. Now this train was all green and silver, and brown on the outside and went 85 miles an hour and rocked like a boat. It went so fast we could not see the fences. It is the sort of trains millionaires probably used to have but now the people can use them also because it costs no more than the others. The railroads are beginning to think about the people, we imagine.

Before we left we went over to Sears, Roebuck and ordered bicycles and met all the big shots of that organization from the vice-president down. It is an honor to meet all the big shots of this organization.

How we met these big shots was we did a broadcast with Admiral Byrd for Sears, Roebuck. Bill Robson was the director of this.

Admiral Byrd is a handsome man. He got sick up in the South Pole in that lonely cabin, but now he is

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well again. He said he would consider taking us to the South Pole some day and even Mamma. We believe we could get along with him, because when he told his story he showed he was willing to take it alone to save his men. He is one of the great heroes of America.

We got on the streamliner at night and the very next morning we were in Denver. It was snowing in Denver, although it had been warm in Chicago. This goes to show you what can be done in America. We went right up to Marietta Vasconcelle's house, and pretty soon Ann Downs came and got us and took us to the Country Club.

This was sort of a reception, for all our millionaire friends came to a cocktail then at Ann Downs. We had a date in the Grand Canyon, so we were going to get on the train that night, so then William MacLeod Raines took us home to his house for supper while Mamma stayed and talked to the rest of the millionaires, and had supper with the Downs, Ronnebecks, and the Tom Ferrills and the George Cranmers and Dr. Arneill and so on and so forth. Mamma said she felt all choked in the throat at these people saying Bravo and really meaning it and taking us down to the train and buying us funnies and treating us

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just as though they believed we were somebody. You just don't know how to act sometimes when things like this happen to you, and so because Mamma is Irish her throat choked when they said, "Well done, little children."

The snow was roaring over the Rockies when we started down the place we all knew so well into Larkspur. The wind was groaning over all the little houses out on the ranches that we love. The day was through and we could see very dimly the lights on Buck's garage and a little light at Mr. Riggs's grocery store. We had sent a telegram to Buck to tell our dear friends to wave to us at the station and the conductor opened the door for us and stood holding us for a sight of our friends and the snow blew in so we knew they were snowed in and there was no use, so we called out in the night and said, "We will surely come back some day to the beautiful ranch country and good friends and see once again the earth blue with larkspur. So long, little shack." The best year of our whole lives we had right there. And so we shall always love it.

And so we went to bed in the sleeper and woke up at the Grand Canyon. This is a quiet deep place. It is quiet like God, and you look and look and it gets

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quieter and quieter like when you think of God you get quieter and quieter and there are rocks there which are the oldest in the world, probably as old as God. And there are all the colors you can imagine are in the world right there. You can ride out to a place and look through a machine at the Painted Desert. People have been drowned trying to ride the rapids in the Colorado River which is at the bottom of this Canyon, and to show you how deep this place is you cannot hear the roar unless you go down on a donkey which takes all day, coming and going. It is just as deep as Denver is high. So you can imagine how deep it is. It is funny that no one ever says one word when they first look at the Grand Canyon. It is certainly looking at something very special. It is supposed to be like the bottom of the sea looks like, because water wore this hole down. So the bottom of the sea must be a very wonderful place.

There are tame deer all around, and Patience fed them a Hershey Bar and we bought two silver rings from the Indians. One meaning rain drops and one meaning the rising sun. We saw three Indian war dances. These Indians do not have real skins on. They look like drugstore Indians and all speak English. But they had Indian blood all right and were

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real Indians. But the reason they look like drugstore Indians is because they are all tame now and their clothes were made of cotton cloth. We can see why the white people had a hard time fighting them and couldn't win right away. I saw their muscles. But the muscles are not as good as they were in the early days, they say. But you can see staying out in the sun and living in the mud huts gave them strength from the earth.

So after all this Grand Canyon, which cost us twenty-two dollars extra, we got on the train for California. When we got to the desert there is a lot of dust and a lot of old shacks, real shacks, very lonely, and no movies. The people look lonely and poor with too much sun and not enough green trees. You didn't see any crowds of people, but one at a time, and the Indians were all together in huts by themselves and a few white people's houses stood in one little line by themselves and all the rest was lonely. There was no washing out on lines. The trees on the desert make you understand why the people look lonely. There is the big sky and a way off are the big mountains and then these little trees, which are really bushes, and they stand around on the desert like little old

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men. They are really cactus plants grown up tall. About three feet tall.

Then we came to the Sierra Nevada Mountains, and they were very nice but not as wonderful as the Rocky Mountains. But some people looked at them and said they were magnificent, colossal. Now to show you how America is, we went through a terrible blizzard in Colorado, and now we were sitting on the back platform with our cowboy suits from Sears, Roebuck and we got so hot we had to take them off and our faces were all dusty. And pretty soon we saw grapevines growing across the earth on each side of the train track, and then came the orange trees, although the oranges were not out yet.

So we landed in Pasadena then, but we did not know anyone in California, but as we got off the train a man walking on the platform said, "Why, here are the little Abbe children," and he was a stranger but he seemed to be glad to see us. So we went on and George Gruskin, who had sent us a telegram to the train saying, "Welcome to California," met us, so we were welcomed by two persons in California.

## *Chapter V*

GEORGE GRUSKIN TOOK us to his apartment hotel called the Lido on Yucca Street. He does not own this place. It has a manager. This is a very rich place in Hollywood and the furniture was blue and a maid cleans up every day and a trash boy takes the garbage every day and Philippine boys run the lift. There is a telephone operator and two clerks, besides the manager. Mamma had a check book for the first time in her life, but she was careful just the same. She says there is no use acting like an upstart.

So we started to live in this place, and Mamma went to the school and they took us right in.

Papa was all the time in the war and we did not hear from him but we were not worried because we saw him in the newsreel at the Chinese Grauman.

It didn't seem as if there was any war anywhere

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or even any strikes on the docks where men were holding up the ships, but we went down to San Pedro with Vicky and there they were, all the ships standing around and you couldn't hear one toot of a horn saying a ship was pushing off. It was very dead-looking. Vicky is George Gruskin's wife and is tall, thin and has blond hair not bleached. She is very much of a child in some ways, although a married woman. She is quite handsome.

Hollywood is a funny place. All the people look as though they are on a vacation, and although there is not a beach right in Hollywood people go around in slacks with long overcoats and wear colored handkerchiefs on their hair. But this does not hide the fact that most of the hair is bleached blond or red. A lot of people wear dinner jewelry while wearing slacks. The women do not look nice going around all the time in pants. They look sloppy, or like men, especially the fat ones. Papa said when he was out here lots of time you did not have to look for beautiful women. They were all over the place, being waitresses and so on and so forth. But we have looked and we have come to the conclusion that no woman is beautiful with bleached hair. Besides, some of these women wear too much paint on their faces and when



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they don't wear paint they have very white faces with mouths that look as though they are bleeding. People would laugh at these people in Europe. Of course, there are some pretty girls, but they go around wearing slacks where they are supposed to be worn, in gardens, at swimming pools, on the beaches and on sporting week-ends. But the refined women do not wear slacks and men's pants on the boulevards. Besides only women with nice shapes should wear slacks.

Hollywood is a place like this. Here is Los Angeles where people live and who have been here for years and years, and then you come to Hollywood and this place looks like a carnival except if you happen to look up on the hills and see the pretty houses and imagine the view or get into streets here and there where families live. But the hillside houses remind you of a place where you are spending the summer. It does not seem real. That is, it does not seem as though they were there to stay, somehow. But they are, just the same.

Some people have been here for 27 years. Although these hills have just grown up with houses since Rudolph Valentino had the Falcon's Lair there. Why, Miss Floyd can remember when she came here that Hollywood was a little country place and what is

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now Beverly Hills was away out in the country. Even where we were was the country fifteen years ago, so you can imagine how young Hollywood is. Hollywood is like a child where every year people say, My, how it has grown! Hollywood has, as they say, sprung up like a mushroom. And they are always building something or pulling it down and building again, or building all over again. Buildings come and go like magic over night. Like Mamma walked down a street and they were tearing down a court of houses and then one day Mamma went by and wasn't thinking about anything and she looked and there this court was all built up and had a sign on it, gala opening, Feb. 1st. Mamma says there is no other city in the world outside of Moscow which does so much building.

They are always building communities with lovely cheap houses with one acre and the department stores advertise their goods by putting furniture in these houses and tell you how cheap everything is and own your own home. There are so many large meadows here that they have plenty of space to build communities and people are buying and selling. Then there is a great idea that when you feel you want to get away

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from it all there are plenty of hills you can build a house on the top of and look down on it all.

But it is not like in France where they build a church first and then the houses around it and the church is the largest building. All over are palm trees which look like big pineapples or else they grow very tall in long rows like a parade, and you don't really see so many different kinds of trees like in Connecticut and Colorado, except eucalyptus trees which grow very tall and look very sad, like they were trying to grow taller and taller so they can get away from something they don't care for on the ground.

While we like California and the beautiful Pacific Ocean with the long beaches and little shacks and palaces on them, we still like Colorado the best because there are ranches there with bulls, cows and sheep and wild animals. Here you only see wild animals in cages and they mostly belong to the movies because they act in the movies. Like the lions on the lion farm are all actors or getting to be. Then they have a dog training farm, and a crocodile farm and an ostrich farm, and these animals are bound to get into the movies sooner or later.

Hollywood has Hollywood Blvd. and Sunset Blvd., and other Boulevards and a lot of streets named after

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flowers and you are apt to run into a movie studio at any time. They are all here, or in Culver City or in Burbank. When you get used to this place you begin to see it is a town surrounded by little mountains and on one side is the sea. Gerald Fitzgerald got us a ride in a Goodyear blimp, and we went up and stood in the air over the Lido and everyone looked like little flies crawling around on the earth.

You can go up on Outpost and look at the city of Los Angeles and Hollywood and Beverly Hills and Brentwood and all the way, and it has all colored lights over the whole place and like Aunt Enid Gracey said, it looks like the heavens turned upside down. What it really looks like is an Arabian Nights full of jewels. It is the most remarkable sight in the whole world and of course you have seen nothing until you have seen this view. And you could forgive anything, if there is anything to forgive, when you see a city that is such a sight as that at night and figure they could not look like that if there was anything wrong. But it is like everything else. Sometimes a thing may look like one thing and be an entirely different thing than you expected.

Los Angeles is the largest city in the world outside of a few others. Marion Chase said that Louis Brom-

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field, who writes books, once said that Los Angeles is six suburbs in search of a city. Well, it is not searching for Hollywood, because Hollywood is not a city. It has no tall buildings like New York, and no subways and only trolley cars and buses and everyone says, "Why, it is impossible to be here without a car." What you are supposed to have when you come out here is a car, plenty of money, so no one will look down on you, and rent a very stylish house or live very stylish. Otherwise you're just plain nobody. And when you are nobody in Hollywood you might just as well be dead. That is, if you can't stand being nobody. If you know the right people or get to know the right people, then you have a chance.

In Hollywood you are nobody when you don't care about anything but living and don't bother about meeting the right people, so therefore nobody knows you except some more people who are nobody. So that makes you all nobodies. But these people are the happiest because they don't care about anything but living and so they are content. If you once get to worrying about being somebody you have to meet a lot of people you don't care about anyway just because it can be said in the papers that you were

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with so and so. This sort of puts you in a trap, and you don't feel free.

When Mamma called up Universal studios she said, "Could we come over to your studio?" So some woman said, "Have you credentials?" So Mamma said, "Yes, from *Atlantic Monthly* and *Pictorial Review*." This woman said, "Have you been to the Hays Office?" So Mamma said, "No." So this girl said, "Well, girlie, you better see them or no one will play ball with you out here." So our dear friend Beulah Livingston sent them a telegram saying who we were. We imagine she didn't put on any airs about us, but probably said we were certain people trying to get along.

There are some remarkable people out here trying to get along but they start out like we did talking to a lot of toots on the phone and it won't get you anywhere. They say that lots of times certain people are here for a long time and no one has ever heard of them even when they are told who they were somewhere else, and these people get broken-hearted, and they go away and Hollywood doesn't give a heck. And they say these people go away because smart people tell them to go away and then they make the studio people call them back because they say Holly-

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wood only likes to get people they can't get. If you went to Africa they would break their necks to get you and bring you back free.

Mamma gets very rude about Hollywood sometimes and tells people to jump in the lake. But Mamma says those she tells to jump in the lake should have been drowned long ago anyway.

There are an awful lot of sissy men out here who walk around looking so lady-like it is a shame. Then there are some girls who go around looking like boys. It is certainly silly.

The movies is the biggest thing to go to out here and next to that is the carnival at Venice where you can go on the merry-go-round, and a lot of people go fishing off the pier and run sailboats around the sea. There are a couple of WPA theaters and two other theaters and some other little theaters, but the movie palaces are the biggest things and people drive up to them at night in limousines. And when there is a preview or what they call a première where all the stars come dressed up to kill and a microphone takes in their remarks for the world and a big crowd of people who have not got tickets so they can be inside sitting with the stars are kept back by police with a rope. Why, you would think at these premières

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that the President or the Duke of Windsor or Mussolini or Hitler or most of all Stalin was about to arrive. Why, they have grandstands and big lights glaring all around and police lines and then the stars come and the crowds either cheer or just look and look. Why, it is remarkable.

Once we went to one but we did not have any tickets, and so we drove up in a limousine and the policeman looked in our car and seeing we were in the line of cars with Will Hays, the big shot, and right behind Paul Muni and his wife who had an ermine coat on, he said "Why—" and he really thought it was so—"Our Gang coming to the show." So we got out and only if a newspaper lady who knew us hadn't said hello we would have been kicked out. That shows you how important it all seems. But we did not think it was as important as all that. And Mamma said we had crashed the gate. Well, we saw Joan Crawford come out of a limousine with a long white cape and walk up the corridor with her head up in the air and her hair flowing behind and Franchot Tone with her smiling very quiet-like and Paul Muni had to speak in the mike and his wife too and she did not see us, although if she had she would have waved to us because she knows us, and so does Paul Muni.



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Sometimes it looked like when they have a dog show they parade all the star dogs around and the people look and smile. It did not seem so interesting to us as it did to the big crowds sitting on the grandstands, but I guess it must be interesting when so many people go to look.

At the Chinese Grauman they have the feet and hands of the stars in the sidewalk. Now, there is one pair of feet which we do not believe could be so small on a lady. It looks as though she put her front foot down first and then put her heel closer so it would look small, because no lady could walk on such a small foot. We wonder what the people think when they go up and see their feet and hands on the sidewalk. It must be a funny feeling. It is a funny kind of a monument of a human being, we think.

People drive autos in a crazy way out here, so it is dangerous to go to school on a bicycle. That is why they have so many parking lots out here and make so much money. Because you are apt to leave your car on a curb and come back and find it all bumped up and so your new car is a wreck to you. And a lot of drivers get out and fight and curse and swear because they don't like the way you drive your car. And then some of them don't even look around

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if you bump them. So you don't know what to expect when you are driving out here.

Our school is the Selma Avenue School, Public School, and Miss Floyd is the Principal, a reasonable lady who listens to all sides of the argument. She took us to the tar pits where the prehistoric animals got stuck in the tar and their footprints were left. Which shows that America is also a very old country when you stop to think about it.

Everything seems to be so new out here and the houses look like movie sets especially with the moon shining down and the hills standing up that you forget sometimes that America is also an old country, because you wonder what is real out here and what is not. Some of the houses even look like cardboard standing up like you see on the made streets and villages of the movies. And sometimes there is a dusty moon shining down from the smudge pots which heat up the orange orchards in a cold wave. So that you think sometimes Hollywood is what they make it.

This school of ours has an honor system where you mark yourself down if you decide yourself you have done wrong. We have counselors, ball monitors, bell monitors, chalk and eraser monitors, Junior Red Cross who send out little toys and presents every year.

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We have a community chest for the Junior Red Cross headquarters to buy shoes and eye-glasses and things for poor children in the United States. We have safety committee, health club and patrol. The patrol goes out and directs the children across the streets coming to school. They wear a badge on the arm.

I, Richard, have been one of these patrol officers and had to get on Santa Monica Boulevard at 8 o'clock. The health club expects you to be up at 7:30 every morning, play fair with others, eat a warm breakfast, try to be pleasant and would like you to go to only one show a week. When we were on the ranch we hardly ever went to a show. It's like when you are not around shows you just don't think about going, and so you stay in the air more, and so when you go to a show it is a real event.

There are some children who go to shows every day. One day we were in a barbershop getting our hair cut and there were two other boys waiting to get their hair cut. So Mamma began asking these boys questions. They were very polite boys, and even the barber said so. They said they go to a show every day, especially on vacation. Mamma said, "Have you no bicycles or skates or wagons or things to play with?" And they said, "Sure, we have them, but

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we are tired of them.” And they said because they kept running in and out of their house their mothers would say, “Here’s ten cents. Get out of my sight and go to a movie.” This sounded as though these boys got bored very easy, or else their mothers.

And once we were going to a movie and a boy was standing there crying something terrible, sobbing, and crying. We said what was the matter and he said, “I have lost my dime and cannot go in to the picture.” So we were going to give him a dime, but then the doorman said, “Keep your dime,” and, “Go on in, kid.” So this kid went in still sobbing. But he acted almost as though not being able to get in was the worst thing that could ever have happened to him.

I, Johnny, know a girl who knows all the big shots and she can get into any movie free. I didn’t believe it at first but I went down and asked the ticket girl and she said yes.

Once Mamma was down to a show in Los Angeles with Aunt Vicky and George Gruskin and Aunt Thelma and when they came out a boy was sitting on a little shoe-box crying and it was 12:30 A.M. So Mamma and Aunt Vicky and Aunt Thelma were very sad and stopped and this boy said he would get a licking if he went home without having made a dollar.

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But George Gruskin said he was a little fake and would make a swell movie actor. "Give him your money if you want," he said, "and see." So they all went away and thought they were very mean not giving him a dollar. But pretty soon they saw this boy get up and look around to see if anyone saw he was a fake. So George Gruskin said, "Sure, they put on a show outside the theaters and get a lot of money and then have plenty of money." And Mamma said, "What about the police letting a small boy like that hang around the streets at night?" But George Gruskin said these children have parents anyway and these parents are hanging around themselves and don't seem to bother where their children are. In Russia there were children hanging around at night but that was because they didn't have anybody or anywhere to go and when the State saw them they took them in. But you never can tell sometimes. Sometimes you would not help somebody and it would be a crime.

Our school does not allow any child to leave the building during school hours unless there is a note from the parents on account of kidnapping and other things that seem to happen to children in America from time to time. And you can play on the school grounds after school only when they have a supervisor.

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Once I, Patience, stayed out to 9:30 P.M. and Mamma was very angry and worried. But I was out in front of the Warner Theater with Dolores Burgh who was showing me how to get autographs of the famous people who were coming to a preview. She touched Robert Taylor's car and so I did too. And when Mamma heard this she was wild, and said what did I mean acting like a squirt like that. So she did not allow this any more.

You see children at all hours standing in front of previews with autograph books, and when they see a famous person on the street they run up and get an autograph. A Japanese friend of mine was very thrilled at my autograph book which I took to the studios with me and she said it is the greatest thrill to get autographs. She said once she saw Al Jolson on the street with another man and she ran up to him, and the other man autographed but Al Jolson said, "What in the world do all these kids run around doing this for?"

Some boys go around making noises like Mickey Rooney did when he was Puck in "Midsummer Night's Dream" and said, "What fools these mortals be." And some boys wear their hair long over their ears and over one eye like another boy in the movies

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who plays farmer parts. This all seems dumb and not natural. Other boys go around dressed up like movie stars with slouch hats and so on and so forth and have movie manners, so polite you want to kick them in the pants. Mamma says they are practicing "savoir faire."

Everywhere in Hollywood in the apartment houses and other houses you hear people singing and practicing something, because everyone wants to get in the movies or are in the movies and are keeping fit in case they get kicked out. Because no matter what you are or who you are you are apt to be kicked out at any time unless you are smarter than they thought you were.

It is a very dangerous business because you might be much better than some who are always working, but can't get a job anyway, and this is apt to make you discouraged. And so you have a sad heart while you are trying to sing or dance and you have to hide, being afraid when you meet people, and this makes you another person than you really are. Some people feel like saying, "You lowdown brat!" but if they said what they felt, they'd be out of luck. So in some ways getting into the movies makes a hypocrite of you. And then some people lower themselves by

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being very humble and that makes a worm of you.

This seems to be the only place in the world where actors and other kinds of people are living around in the same place. There are children with their parents, three and up, walking around the Boulevard at 12 o'clock at night. Mamma saw them. And Mamma says she sees parents with children, very little, with their hair all permanented and their mothers are walking along gaping into windows and the children say, "Mamma, come on, come on. Here's a place to eat." And this kind of people are seen with high class dogs, but they themselves are not so high class. But that does not say that all the children are up at 12 o'clock, except the professional children who appear at benefits and make fools of themselves because the grown people don't know any better.

Young girls and boys about eighteen come out here and starve around and go visiting casting offices and say, like one boy we know, "I would marry any rich woman to get ahead." These people will never get ahead because they don't stand on their own feet. They are hams.

Some people who call themselves agents say to them, just because they are trying to get along themselves, and figure, once I make a star of so and so, I am also



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made, "You will be a great star some day. Stranger things than this have happened before." That is why good agents don't take everybody, because one agent is not as good as another, and that is why sometimes you hear a good agent didn't take somebody and an unknown agent took somebody and made him. It's a funny place, all right. And when you are on the top in Hollywood, which means you are making more money than anyone else, you are apt to be ruined unless you happen to be a person who cannot be ruined. But it is very hard not to be ruined. You get ruined because you get hard and cruel. And sometimes you forget your old friends.

And so if you are on the top and happen to remember your old friends all the gossip people tell it on the radio and in the newspapers and in the movie magazines. Just as though it was one of the greatest deeds in the world. It is funny why people have patience out here while trying to be actors, because a lot of them say they could get a job any day in their home town.

When you walk on the streets you see a lot of Buffalo Bills. They have real beards just like Buffalo Bill and wear boots and do not mind if you stare at them. A lot of cowboys do not look like cowboys to us.

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The shoemaker repairs and cleans your shoes and puts them out on the sidewalk and you have to walk around them. The parking lots are right in the middle of the street and you can be walking along and a car is coming right into the sidewalk, so you have to watch your step.

There are a lot of fortune-tellers out here and astrology experts. The five and ten has a man with a Turkish hat who tells your fate by the stars. One woman predicts what movie stars are going to die and gets people very scared and some of these stars go by the stars only. We do not know who these movie stars are, but these astrology experts do.

One day we were over to Warner Brothers, eating in the commissary. A movie actor who used to be a big star started to ask us what our birthday was. He said I, Patience, had something about me. But he got mixed up with some other person who was with us, so now we don't know what he saw in the stars for us. He would have been wrong anyway because he thought I, Patience, was born in February just by looking at me.

All along the Boulevard are health restoriums, reducing clinics, restaurants, and Thrifty drugstores where you can get a soda for eight cents on certain

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days, if you go in and get a ticket. And there are clothing shops, one department store, The Broadway Hollywood, with a good sports department, antique shops, Japanese shops, chop suey places, beautiful food markets, dancing schools, movie palaces with dressing-rooms in the toilets with mirrors where you can see yourself from all sides, even in the Men's, actor's agents and real-estate agents selling houses and land, and Max Factor's make-up factory.

You are not the same person you used to be when you go to Hollywood. Because when you go to Hollywood you get to think only movies because you are in the place where these movies are made. They say on the radio: We bring you today HOLLYWOOD IN PERSON, rah, ta, tah, boom, bang, zowie. And so they might tell you how so and so got his chance, or who was discovered after twelve years or why someone is so exclusive or why someone is so beautiful and so on and so forth. And no one in the movies is safe from gossip. If you happen to have a stomach ache and act a little mean, they tell all about why you are getting that way, just as if it was their own stomach.

## *Chapter VI*

I, PATIENCE, JUST HAP-  
pened to think that some day someone might say:  
“My God, you’re famous!” Once Papa told me that  
once all the writers in Connecticut got together and  
one lady said: “My God, here we are sweating blood  
trying to write books and three children come along  
and cough and out comes a best seller!” And so it  
is like that in Hollywood.

A lot of people in Hollywood go around talking  
about movie stars or movies, or trying to look like  
movie stars and then you see someone who used to  
be a movie star and his heels are all worn out and his  
hair is gray and he has clothes that look very old and  
his eyes are sick looking and he doesn’t look at any-  
one from left to right. Then you see someone and  
they say he used to be famous but now he plays bits  
and that means he plays parts like a man sitting in

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an office or a man coming in with a detective and he has no lines to speak. And sometimes they are cruel, but not meaning to be cruel, by reminding you how sad the life is of someone who is a has-been. How do they know that one of these has-beens is not sitting watching and crying?

And so maybe you are famous for a little while and then what happens? Well, today you are a star and tomorrow you are in the ashcan, and sometimes you get picked out of the ashcan and then they call it a comeback. Some of these people are in the ashcan, just like the lady who jumped off the "H" on the Hollywood sign which stands on the hill. And right after she jumped off and was dead a man called her up and wanted to know if she wanted a job.

And like the man who was found on the beach after he was dead and they wrote about what a big star he used to be. And the lady who was found dead in her apartment and was dead for three days and only her faithful dog was there, and they wrote about what a big star she used to be. And her sister said, Do not send any flowers. Funeral private. So it seems like it is always too late for some people in Hollywood. And so the thing to do is to save your money and mingle with the people while you are a

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star so that when you get into the ashcan you still have friends.

Never in our lives in any country have we ever seen a child with its hair bleached before. Either the children think they are dolls or their mothers think so. And that is when Mamma gets more rude than ever. She says: "Can you imagine any mother acting like that with her child, and having them going around with their clothes up to their derrière?"

There are no ordinary dogs in Hollywood. Every dog is a thoroughbred and they have a lot of dog and cat hospitals and they come for your pet in a white ambulance which makes the same siren as a police car or an ambulance for the human beings hospital. How can people who are dying live in a Hollywood ambulance? They race right through everything and scream, and even if you are far away you can hear the sound, and you wonder is it the fire department. And if you feel hysterical you can get no help hearing the wildness of this sound and looking down upon a city that isn't sleeping but full of light and searchlights touching the sky to tell you there is a preview or an opening of a cabaret.

Mamma found a cat at 12 o'clock, P.M., one night, and brought it home to me, Patience. His name is

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Napoleon, a cat with personality who only eats spleen and water, and sleeps in my doll crib. He is no alley cat. He has a Persian tail.

It seems to me, Patience, that people out here don't know how to treat dogs. They treat them like babies and are always running to the hospital with them. Then the doctor gives the dogs ether and talks about their intestines and I don't think plenty of children out here get that kind of attention, special food and so on and so forth. Why, they have a white automobile which says, Special Dog and Cat Food Products. A very smart-looking delivery car. Why, in New York they even advertised a perfume for your pooch. Well, if people are not getting to be sissies! Any dog and cat will treat you with respect only when you treat them as dogs and cats. Animals are too dignified to want human beings making fools of themselves, and when they see them doing it they begin to act like brats and you cannot blame them.

There are a lot of actors and actresses out here with false teeth. But outside of the false teeth most of the teeth are the best we ever saw in the world.

Ginger Rogers calls her new house a farm but she says she won't have any cows and sheep and horses. This house will be all alone in the valley looking at

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the mountains. She will have a swimming pool and a tennis court. We would call this a rich house and no farm, especially after looking at the plans with her on her floor up at her little apartment which she lives in with her mother who has blond hair and is extremely polite. I, Richard, thought Ginger was beautiful with hair like gold, although it might have been dyed, because when we saw her again it was blond. She is very sensible about her skin and when we first saw her she had only cold cream on and still she was beautiful. Her waist is so thin that you could almost put your two hands around it. No wonder she is thin, for when she did Swing Time she had to wear a fur coat all day long in July and the lights in those studios are very hot also. She eats everything, so we saw her as she really is, thin with a sweet disposition. Her real name is Virginia.

One day Don took us up to Beverly Hills to see Joe E. Brown. It was by appointment at 6 o'clock. So we went in and met his secretary and this house was Spanish with a patio and oriental rugs and real paintings and special kind of elegant books and everything was very rich in this house. We didn't expect to see him in this kind of a house, because Mamma



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had told us about him when she was in a show when he was the leading funny man in New York. We expected to see a long farm house and no oriental rugs. So then we sat down in the drawing room and waited and the dog came in and played ball with us. So then after about ten minutes, Mr. Brown came in in tweeds and he said, "How do you do?" and I, Richard, said, "Have you any kids?" and he said, "No, I have children," so this did not make us feel so welcome.

So then he took us up to his trophy room and showed us all the trophies that famous sports men in the world had given him, like Dizzy Dean and Jack Dempsey, and up on the wall were drawings of all Mr. Brown's pictures. And so I, Richard, was putting my hand on the glass case and Mr. Brown said, "Don't do that," and I said, "Why?" and he said we would make fingerprints on the glass. So then Mrs. Brown came in and we autographed a book, and then the two little children came in and they passed chocolates around, and then Mr. Brown's son, nineteen, came in and he acted very welcoming and said as he went out he was very very glad to have met us. So then Mr. Brown autographed pictures to us writ-

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ing, "To my old friends, Richard and Johnny and Patience, from Joe E. Brown, an old friend of your Mom's." So pretty soon the butler came and said, "Dinner is served." So Mamma said, "We shall have to be going," and Mr. and Mrs. Brown said, "It was so nice seeing you," and so we went home with Don.

Then we met Eddie Cantor at his broadcast and his eyes are really black and sort of wild. But he is not mad by any means. He sounds like a very good business man. Then Bobby Breen was there and he is really a very nice little boy, but they are making too much of an actor out of him. He is quite handsome, more so than in pictures. Then Deanna Durbin was there and she was a very nice little girl of thirteen going on fourteen with a beautiful voice and she was very honest and just like a girl thirteen going on fourteen. She answered all the questions Fay Gillis Wells asked her for the New York *Herald Tribune* and when Mamma said, "Are you doing a picture?" she said smiling all over, "Yes." "And do you like it?" "Oh, yes, I am having a wonderful time. Such fun!" But then when we went over to see her with that handsome Miss Mitchell—who was so lovely to us

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as well as everyone on the lot including Mr. Halliday—at Universal, where she is now a big star, she seemed very dignified and very old and very calm like a prima donna, although she was not stuck up. It is because maybe she has met so many people since she had her name and picture all over the world she feels like being calm. But she is no longer young.

Then we met Park Your Carcass. He is tall and dark, smart and educated. He is not really a Greek.

Then suddenly we met Izzy. Her name is really Isabel Sheldon Modicett. Her husband's name is Phillip. He sells automobiles. She was born and brought up here in Hollywood but has been other places. She met us in St. Cloud. She works on the *Los Angeles Times*. Izzy took us over to Paramount and there we met Mary Boland. Mary Boland is not old. She is sometimes very tired because she has to be on the set sometimes from 7 o'clock A.M., morning, until 8 o'clock P.M. at night. But she seems to have a very sweet disposition and everyone seems to like her very much because they all called her Mary and she answered in a very nice way. So it pays to have a popular disposition.

Mr. Frank Tuttle was the director and he knew

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Papa, so therefore came over and spoke to us also in a very nice way. It was five o'clock, afternoon, and the actors were doing it over and over again, and Richard and Johnny had to be asked to get out of the way of the camera because they were leaning right into the set where the telephone girl was. But they and Mr. Tuttle and Miss Boland were just as sweet dispositioned as ever, and she was very much admired in her wine colored Roman velvet cape. She wore a wig of blond curls which made her look like a doll. There is no doubt that this was very boring. They must have been very special people not to show it because they were supposed to be very funny people. But that is the price of being an actor. You have to be somebody else all the time.

Mamma asked if anyone is ever carried off the sets berserk and the answer was yes, sometimes. They have their own private hospital, which we went out to look at, and there it was, sure enough.

Being a movie actor must be a good lesson to control yourself. You just have to have patience and we were astonished how they did it over and over again on all the sets and when there was a mistake because the actors got all mixed up because they got a little

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excited and they'd put their heads in their hands and look nervous, but nobody even groaned. The patience they have is remarkable.

When you are in the insides of these studios you think you are in another world. There are streets and real houses and writers' buildings and very swell dressing-rooms and if you are a star you have your own dressing-house which is a real house all decorated up like a real home. For instance, Robert Montgomery, who is an educated man, very young, sits in his own little house with a barbershop attached to it. This barber chair he allowed us to swing around in. He was not a bit nervous, because he has children of his own. And from what we could understand he is keeping them children and has no use for professional children.

Some of these dressing-rooms are delicate, like a large box made of canvas which can be moved around and the actor's name is on the front. Greta Garbo stays right in the dressing-room she always had, away off in the end of the long veranda of the other dressing-rooms. She could have a better one, but won't. She sees no one. So we did not see her. We saw the set of "The General Dies at Dawn." We

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also saw the set of "The Lost Horizon" out near the airport. They were building on to it again, so it is becoming a closed in place with sets right out in an open field.

## *Chapter VII*

THERE ARE CERTAIN people in Hollywood who are very stuck up. But they are not the real people. And when you go to a studio after five minutes you know who the real people are because they are not stuck up. And like people say out here, "The bigger they come the nicer they are," because they have nothing to lose, having what they want, so they can afford to be nice. And so it means that the bigger they are the smarter they are. And in case they are not so smart but just lucky, they are smart enough to have someone smarter than they are doing things for them.

Everywhere in Hollywood you hear people saying, "This is not a real place. I'm discouraged. And when you don't like things that are not just they say you are a sourpuss." And then you go around thinking, "This is not a real place," and all the time

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you are looking for something real. Then when you think it is real, it turns out not to be. It is a funny place, enough to make you goofy, if you are that sort of a person and have no peace of mind. Only those who can take it should come here.

If you are smart you go about your business and are glad it is warm and the flowers are beautiful and purple and red and pink and white and all colors and the hills get covered suddenly with green and the place looks warm and beautiful, and you get in a car and go out to the desert or the beach and enjoy life, such as it is and the way you make it. Papa says it is a crime the way some people don't know how to enjoy the moment without worrying about what is gone or what is to come. There is so much sadness in the world that it is worth while enjoying yourself when you can.

There are some people out here who say, "Don't talk to me about so-and-so." They mean some child star. Some people can't stand them and other people think they are wonderful, some for the sake of the money they make and some because they ride on the Santa Claus sleigh at Christmas time and Santa Claus yells out who they are. And some like them for wishing *they* were like *they* are. The children who



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like the child stars mostly like them because they say the child stars are lucky. We know because *our* friends have said this.

In case you do not understand what "contacting" means, I, Patience, will explain this. "Do you know that big shot?" and he says, "No, but I know someone who goes to his house for dinner." And then you say, "Would it be possible to meet that person in a social way? Could you bring him to meet me at the Brown Derby for lunch? I'll pay for the lunch." And the answer is, "Well, maybe I can arrange with so-and-so, who needs something you have, to meet you by accident and then it is up to you to use him for what he has you can use." And this is called "contacting." Do you get the point? This is what Mamma calls "wangling." And Mamma says, "So then someone meets someone else and they play badminton and you act as though you didn't mean anything, and you start something and call up and act very gay all the time trying to put in the one word you are trying to get in and all the time you act as though you don't give a heck, but you act like you are somebody but at the same time you don't care." Do you see what we mean?

People out here hire agents, press agents, the people

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who get you in the papers, and personal representatives. A personal representative is a person who takes all the insults, if any, while he keeps saying you are famous. You have to be very smart out here, or very low, or very famous.

If you're just an ordinary human being going about your business, if you happen to be what they say "discovered" because you have what they call IT, you are just plain lucky. But this almost never happens.

We have heard people saying, "Don't tell me they get where they get because they were just what they were. Oh no. They are sold by smart people." It all seems very silly, especially when these stars make so much money they are always groaning because the government takes it all away from them and they have to live up to the Joneses, or certainly different from other people, and so then they are not so rich as they thought they were. But even then they are rich.

And so it seems that money is a nuisance when you go to all that trouble and go almost crazy getting it and have to be always beautiful and smart and everybody looks at you and you don't live nearly so happy because you are afraid of being hurt by people who want your money, or you have to have a body-

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guard and your life is all on the outside and your life cannot be what you want it yourself most of the time. Those who make their lives what they want it go off like hermits and they say about them, "So-and-so is never seen in any of the night spots. He hides himself away like a hermit." And if a movie star once gets into a fight it is on the front page of the newspaper, as though it is a crime for him to lose his temper. What do they expect them to do? Never get in a fight? Just want them to be plain sissies, I suppose.

And if a movie star is seen with one girl or one boy more than once, why they say, "Oh, oh, I imagine there will be wedding bells soon for these little turtle doves." So the smart movie stars just laugh it off and say, "Oh, nerts," and go about minding their own business. All this does not seem a good idea at all.

A lot of the stars have said to us, "You are so lucky going off to those countries and traveling. How wonderful!" And they say, "When we retire we are going to travel." But they don't get to travel like we do because they are all dated up and they can't go slow and take their time. There are too many crowds around them making money off them.

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Lots of these stars out here are not what they write about them at all. They are mostly quiet people trying to get along, but the people who write about them have to write something so they make it up. What they write about them is true but the way they write about them is not true, so you see how it is.

The movie stars who have IT get written more about than the others. You don't have to be a good actor to have IT. But if you are a good actor and also have IT, why you are COLOSSAL and more famous than anybody on earth, except the Quintuplets.

If you can dance and sing and read lines and have either a beautiful face or a funny face or what they call a different face and have smart people around you, you can get along out here. But even then sometimes you don't because there are so many other smart people selling somebody else. This is a place where they buy you and sell you, and when you get mixed up in it, unless you are very strong and do not become a slave, and really don't care about what happens so long as you are content, and so long as you don't get sad when you see money almost in your lap and then it is gone because, as they say out here, "the deal didn't go through," and so long as you think you are all right yourself and don't get to be a slave

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to anyone, then it is safe to come out here and get mixed up in it. Otherwise it is much better to live on a ranch.

So we got mixed up here with things, with the idea as we explained on the other page. Some of these people Mamma didn't even know, but they were buying and selling us behind our backs. And people began calling Mamma up and saying, like one man who said: "Did you ever get my telegram in Chicago?" And Mamma said, "Why, no." So he said: "Well, I am the man who called you up long distance to Chicago from Hollywood." So Mamma said, "Oh, yes," but she was very nervous, not knowing who this man was because someone else told Mamma that people hear about people who are coming to Hollywood and they try to grab you first in case you get to do a picture, so they can collect ten percent. So this man said, acting very offended, "Why, I have known all the time where you lived in Hollywood, and what is more I had a contract all ready for you to sign the minute you arrived in Hollywood." So Mamma said, "Well, that's funny. Because if any people made out a contract they would be sure to find us, wouldn't they?" So Mamma then said: "Well, when I got here we went over to a man's

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office and he was on the telephone and he said, 'The Abbes are right here in my office,' and someone said, 'Will you tell that guy [meaning the man who was now talking to Mamma] to take Richard Abbe off my neck!'" So Mamma said to this guy on the telephone, "So I got very angry and said, 'How do you dare put Richard Abbe on anybody's neck? Richard Abbe is not looking for any job.'" So this guy on the telephone, who Mamma said was very clever in his way behind a telephone, said, "Well, I am going to call up that guy and tell him I'm going to punch him in the jaw." So then Mamma told this to another man who came to see her and he said, "Oh that guy is always punching people in the jaw on the telephone."

Then one day Mamma went to a cocktail party and met a lady and became friends. And one day they were having lunch at the Brown Derby in Los Angeles, and this lady said she knew of a place where they sold second-hand clothes of the stars, so they went over and Mrs. Eddie Cantor's clothes were there, and Thelma Todd's and all sorts of clothes of this and that star, dead and alive. So Mamma bought two dresses and it was at night, and she paid a lot for them, and everyone said, "What a jip!" So the next

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morning Mamma found that they were awful clothes and one had holes nearly worn in the elbows, so she gave them to the maid in the hotel, and she was out \$37.50. But Mamma said it was a good lesson.

Then this woman began to tell Mamma how marvelous we all were. And the next thing Mamma was calling her our "personal representative." So we asked Mamma what was a personal representative, and she said, a person who keeps all the sharks away from you.

So then this woman began to go all around seeing radio people, and she would come in and tell Mamma that the radio people were knocking at her door at 8:30 in the morning, they were so fascinated with us. And she told them that we were getting a bushel basket of fan mail every morning, and Mamma said, "Now, really that is not true and we have never told lies about ourselves. We do get fan letters, but never bushel baskets every morning." So this woman said, "Yes, but these people will never know." Then this man who was going to punch people on the nose on the telephone called and Mamma said, "See our personal representative."

He saw her, and she came back and said he didn't think we were being handled properly at all and he

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was going to stage a children's party at Eddie Cantor's. So Mamma said, "You better be careful now, and don't get us mixed up now. We are very nice people and we are not vaudeville actors, and I won't stand for anything undignified." So then this woman called Mamma and kept talking about \$1,000 dollars a week and saying, "Why, you are crazy to pass this up." So Mamma was getting very nervous and saying, "Listen, we are going to China." And then this woman would say, "Well, if I cannot hold you down I don't see how I can do anything at all," and Mamma said, "Why, so far I have not seen anything that looks like anything and I cannot help being very nervous. You say, positively, these people want the children to do a thirteen week broadcast at \$1,000 a week?" "Well," she said, "they are now trying to get me down to \$750." So Mamma began to get more unbelieving than ever.

Then this woman took a lot of clippings and pictures and said she was going to send out mimeographs (that's printing of our articles) and send them all over to the Presidents of all these radios. So then Mamma got excited and said, "Why, that seems to be peddling to me." And she said, "No, you have to do that." And so Mamma said, "God only knows





*Courtesy Foto-ad, Chicago*

We liked broadcasting for Sears, Roebuck with  
Admiral Byrd and Helen Gleason



*Photo courtesy M-G-M Studios*

I, Patience, enjoyed sitting on Robert Taylor's lap



(1) The Abbe children with the Ballet Russe. (2) Impresario Behymer and Alexandra Danilova. (3) Irina Baronova and Col. W. de Basil

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what this woman is doing and I am getting very nervous about her. It was all her idea, and she keeps saying, 'Why, you have no right to take this money away from the children.'"

Then one day she called Mamma and said, "We are asking Jack Benny \$2500 for one broadcast." And Mamma said, "My God, who do you mean by 'we'?" Mamma said this lady kind of got nervous and said, "You and I." So Mamma said, "For God's sake, they will think we are crazy!" And the woman said, "Well, you can always come down."

So then Mamma was getting more nervous and more nervous and then she found that this man who was punching people on the jaw on the telephone was going into partnership with this woman because Mamma said she came up and said he said they ought to go into business together. And so this woman said the Abbe children were hers, and so Mamma found out that "we" meant this man and this woman, and Mamma had nothing whatsoever to do with it. It was all behind our backs and Mamma said, "God only knows what is happening. This is awful."

So then Mamma was out one day with this woman riding around and this woman was telling Mamma what the people were saying about us. They said,

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"Oh yes, they are absolutely marvelous and it would be a shame if their Mamma goes off to the Orient without some money being made off them." And some said, "Well, is the Mamma going to stay here or has she one foot on the boat?" And they said, "Oh yes, the Abbe children, we don't want to meet them. They are probably brats and spoiled." And they said, "The Abbe children? Who the heck are they? And, so what?"

So then they also said when people heard that Mamma was telling everybody to jump in the lake that Mamma was very temperamental and hard to handle. But Mamma said this was all lies and she was all mixed up and she was saving us to be happy. So then Mamma said to this woman that while she would pay ten percent in case, it was not right for this woman to go all around like she said she was. And she said she was doing us no harm but trying to make us a lot of money. So Mamma said she would give her some money for gasoline, seeing as how she said she traveled thousands of miles seeing the Presidents of all these things.

But before Mamma said this, this woman said to Mamma one day, and Hasoutra was there and saw it, "Have you seven dollars on you, I want to pay

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a girl's rent. She is getting put out. I'll give it back to you tomorrow." So Mamma gave it to her. Then this woman did not give the seven dollars back at all. And then she came up and said her expenses were \$85 for three weeks. So Mamma said "for what?" She said for parking lots and gas. So Mamma said she did not want to be a cheap skate, so she made out a check for \$80 and this woman would give her an account. So then Hasoutra said this was a crime, as ten percenters don't get expense money when they agree to 10 percent, and they have no right to take money like that. So then Mamma called this woman up and told her she should not have taken the 80 dollars, and this woman said she never believed in arguing about money, and rather than have Mamma think she was not right she would bring the check back. But she never did, and when Mamma finally wrote her a letter asking for the money and especially the seven dollars she got from Mamma for a poor girl's room rent she did not answer, and so Hasoutra said, "It might have cost you a lot more, Mamma, and let it be a lesson to you." And Mamma never did get the expense account.

## *Chapter VIII*

WE HAVE HEARD

Mamma saying over the phone a lot of times, "Now look here, let me tell you that these children are NOT vaudeville actors and I won't STAND for this peddling around. And you go jump in the lake." And she said, "Why, you have no manners at all." And somebody answered, "Why, didn't you know that manners are something the cat brings in in Hollywood? They are so unexpected." But that does not mean that outside of business, people do not know that there is such a thing as manners. Mamma says money is to blame for all the bad manners in the world. People in Hollywood don't see you for what you are but what they see you are worth. Mamma says it is so easy to be kind and thoughtful to people when you yourself are on the top.

We are not worried about any of this because we

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are having such a good time in school and have good friends, and go to meet the movie people and other people when we have to. We don't like meeting too many people. You don't have much time for skating and bicycling and so on, especially when your time is up at eight o'clock and you go to bed. Besides it is more interesting to play with children than to talk to grown-ups, because grown-ups don't act like children. They mostly say, "How do you like Hollywood?"

We do not want to be in the movies if they don't want us. I should say not. And Mamma and Papa would not sweat their blood to put us in, either. These people are not interested in children being in the movies except if the children bring in a lot of money for them at the box office. Only a few of the kids make a lot of money for their movie fathers, like Shirley Temple, etc. The rest of the kids are just extras in a way, because they work and then they go back to school, then they work and go back to school, and they are neither one thing nor another and they are ruined in some ways because they are neither one thing nor another. We have to go around in the world and see all kinds of people anyway, and you can't spend all your life in Hollywood. It ties

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you down. I, Richard, and Johnny do NOT want to be movie actors at all. Gosh, all you do is something over and over again, and it is very boring because you are tied down.

Besides when you are in the movies you have thousands of people thinking for you and you have to do something for each hour of the day because someone else has fixed it like that. And besides you take a chance of having people write things about you that you do not care for them to write about you at all. And besides, unless you have IT, which very few children have, because they are not thinking about IT, you don't get anywhere. Some of our kids in the school are movie actors, and who cares? Do you see the point? Maybe you could be a hero in Connecticut because you were in a picture and your friends would say, "There he is, gee!" But in the long run, who cares? We admit it would be interesting to do a picture, but we positively would not want to be movie actors all our lives. We have to see the world.

Patience probably would like to be one, we imagine, because she looks like Alice in Wonderland, and a lot of people have said the same. She would probably be a great star in her lifetime, but she is not the



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kind to peddle herself around. She has more sense than that.

Hollywood gets you into a trap in some ways, because while you are here and trying to do one thing people get around you and try to get you to do something else. They try to get you to imagine that you ought to grab some money out of Hollywood and it would be a shame to kick over the opportunity. And your head gets all mixed up and you think, "Why, if that dope can make so much money, why not I?"

But this is wrong. You lower yourself by being peddled around, because the minute people in Hollywood see you being peddled around they ignore you, unless the person peddling you is very smart and they don't see that you are being peddled. It is a trap, because not one man says yes, but thousands, and the other way around. So one man may say yes and another no and they belong to the same place, and where does this leave you?

There are thousands of children going to professional schools and learning to dance, act and sing while they are doing their lessons. They are not worried about finding children at all in Hollywood. Why, they say it is terrible out here trying to keep

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the mothers off the casting directors' necks with their children. The mothers of these children are probably very ordinary, and don't understand what it means to be chic.

They would have to be very chic with us if we ever did a movie. We are not giving ourselves away for a game. We intend to be chic. If we could do a good movie it would be in the class with doing a good book, and we would be satisfied. If we had done "High Wind in Jamaica" we would have been satisfied. This was a good book and would have been a good movie, like John Krimsky said. It was all very high class.

They have what you call casting offices at all the studios here. But you can't get to one of them until you go to what they call the Central Casting Bureau. And so, how do they get the people they want from that crowd? And there are real actors, dancers, singers and what they call old-timers, very pitiful, and plenty of what they call hams out here all mixed up together.

Well, this casting director knows about 100 girls and boys or men or women, and some other casting director knows some more, and so this is the way they get out of the mob. If you know how to nag

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people maybe you have a chance of someone seeing you in this crowd. And if you know someone who knows somebody else who knows a director or a producer or even sometimes a writer or a carpenter or someone working in the studios you might get a chance. It is much easier working in the five and ten. You know where you get off at from day to day.

It is a very sad life, but most of these people say it is worth waiting for because you work a few days and get more money than you get working every day somewhere else. Those who think they are too good for casting offices get agents who do all their work for them for ten percent. And some of these agents won't take you unless you get yourself on some stage so they can see what you can do, and if you cannot get on some stage, where are you? Nowhere. Even when you have a scrapbook showing you used to be somebody.

There was a picture in the paper the other day about a girl and it was called "A Pawn of Fate, or Living for a Film Comeback." It said, "Do you remember the little girl of the golden hair and the golden smile and the later growing up girl of lovely eyes and loveliness? She is seventeen now and about

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to graduate from high school. But this diploma is rather empty for her. Once she drew \$3,000. a week as a young film actress. Now she skimps to save a dime here and a nickel there. Once she received sacksful of fan mail. Now she is tickled to death when a friend drops a line. 'It is difficult to understand why, with her talent she should not now be doing great things,' said her mother. At her home they both live for THE GREAT COMEBACK." This goes to show you how you can ruin your life if all you had on your mind was being a movie star.

Why, if this girl once had \$3,000 and she didn't have the sense to get a bicycle and roller-skates out of it, at least, no wonder she's like she is. But maybe her mother is to blame. Mamma says you get soft out here and once you think you are going to get money or had your claws on some you never get over it. I, Richard, think money is a lot of trouble. Why, you cannot even get a sandwich without money.

We have some friends, children of Feg Murray, who is the inventor of "Snoppyquops," and who also draws pictures for the papers under the title of "Shooting Stars." These children go ice skating and play badminton and tennis. Johnny Murray has an

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electric train. They have a black cat called Blackie and a dog called Tarzan. Their mother, who has soft brown eyes, always had chocolate cake when we went over, and beans. They are some of the few celebrities who live out here who say, "You must come again, anytime you want."

The rest either have you once and don't have you again, or they say, "Come to see me sometime," but don't say when or else don't say it at all. Somebody told Hasoutra, and he was a man who was famous somewhere, that he did not like the way they acted in Hollywood. And somebody else who is famous here in Hollywood said, "You must not feel like that, going around hating this place and calling it a dump and pull yourself together. You just have to make up your mind to keep calling up people and making yourself very gay and get in with these people. It's the game." But this man said, "By God, no, I will lick nobody's boots in this place. I shall go where I feel better and where people are nicer. Why, this is the loneliest place on the face of the earth."

Paul Muni is handsome in a European way. He met us at the gate when we went over with Bruce Lockwood. His ranch has a swimming pool and he

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did not start right in by saying, "Be careful, children, and don't wreck the garden." Then Mrs. Muni came out, a lady with dark hair and dark eyes, very calm. These people know how to be. They act as though there are other places besides Hollywood and they have been there.

Mrs. Muni said we could pick all the walnuts we wanted, so we did. They have a gorgeous dog which is also calm. Mr. Muni made a record of our voices which he said we could come back and hear in twenty years. We had a lovely time, and are very fond of the Munis.

So then Mamma said, "I wonder where the children are?" and Mrs. Muni said, "Well, if they fall into the pool, we shall hear them." So Mamma said, "Well, we don't have to worry then." Afterwards we went in to tea. They were allowing us to have a good time, and even when we went into the house which has a Spanish gate between the drawing-room and the dining-room, they did not say, "Be careful of the furniture." They were not a bit nervous even though they have not one child of their own and are not used to children. But they like dogs and animals so they would naturally understand children.

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Mrs. Muni knows all about books and has read every one. Mr. Muni had a head made by Mahonri Young. Mrs. Muni's mother was beautiful and she spoke of her that way. Mrs. Muni agrees with me, Patience, that animals are nicer in the long run than human beings. They seem to be people who are able to get along by themselves and not to depend upon other people for their happiness.

There is a girl out here in pictures. As a matter of fact there are a lot of girls and boys in public school who act in pictures as extras. They have to have a certificate telling the Principal they are having lessons on the set. The public school kids are mostly extras. There is one kid who doesn't comb her hair. She is a dirty blond.

Cora Sue Collins is in our school now. She just got back from a picture. She has a few girl friends who march up and down with her talking at recess. She doesn't rough-house much. She is quiet with a nice pair of eyes. One girl's Mamma asked how they treat these movie kids when they come back, and this girl said, "If they are stuck up we ignore them, but if they are willing to act human we play with them."

There are some tough kids on the streets and when

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the President was getting himself in against Mr. Landon they went around saying, "Rah, rah, rah, Landon put himself in the ashcan, rah, rah, rah! Roosevelt and Landon sitting on a fence, learning Landon some sense." Even the Chinese and Japanese children sang it too, although they generally are very polite. Some tough guys say, "Hey, lay offa me or I'll knock your teeth in." I, Johnny, and Richard say this too, but not on the school grounds. Miss Floyd, the Principal, would not allow this. Miss Hess, Richard's teacher, who does not care for dirty shirts in school, and my teacher, would keep us in after school in the dog house for language like that. Miss Wagner is Patience's teacher. Patience loves Miss Wagner because Miss Wagner did not humiliate her about her arithmetic. She convinced her that arithmetic can be learned, and Miss Floyd said Patience went up three grades in arithmetic with Miss Wagner. This goes to show you that if a school-teacher understands about your character she can do anything with you.

There is a boy here who when he gets into a fight calls up the radio police. He is a sissy because his mother is one. Otherwise why would his mother



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allow him to call up the radio police? He is a poor loser.

You cannot get bubble gum as easy here as you can in the east, but you can go to any movie for ten cents.

## *Chapter IX*

ROBERT TAYLOR IS VERY young and handsome and has a lovely disposition. They call him Bob, even the electricians. He is very nice and his teeth are not false. I am sure any woman would be glad to have him around. He is not hard on the eyes. I, Richard, hope they don't ruin him having him doing so many love pictures.

I, Patience, have a very dear friend, Mr. Behymer. He let me see the Russian ballet, free, twice. Wanda is his assistant. She worries about things, but otherwise is getting along, selling tickets for shows, and she can sit in any seat free.

Some friends who run a bookstore under the title of Campbell's Bookstores, took us to the first football game we have ever seen and then had us to Thanksgiving dinner and said, "Thank God for this good food and let us appreciate it," before we ate it.



*Photo by Sherill Schell, Hollywood*

Philip MacMahon, Cora Sue Collins, Jackie Cooper, Mayor Shaw, Edith Fellowes, George Ernst, Billy Lee, Richard, Patience, Johnny



*Photo by Sherill Schell, Hollywood*

Johnny, Patience, Billy Lee, Edith Fellowes, Richard, Philip MacMahon, George Ernst, Cora Sue Collins



With the Mexican Players at Padua Hills



The gang that went sixty miles to Richard's Birthday Party at Padua Hills

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They also had a birthday cake for Mamma. They also took us to see Rachel Field, who writes books. She had a beautiful peasant dress on.

Dixie Willson, who writes books, lives at the Hollywood Hotel. This is an old-fashioned hotel, the first ever built in Hollywood. It is a nice place right in the middle of everything going on, but it keeps quiet and old-fashioned anyway. You have to have personality to do that. Dixie Willson wrote "Honey Bear," and likes us. We didn't have to write a book for her to like us, either. She also likes Spanky MacFarlane. She keeps her promise too, for she gave Richard and Patience a pencil when she was interviewing us, and promised me, Johnny, one, and it came special delivery, marked, "Johnny," with pencil points for Richard.

We went to the Breakfast Clubs. These clubs start at 8 o'clock in the morning and everyone calls the other a ham or an egg. The men are the hams and the women the eggs. We were guests of honor. It makes you feel funny to be a guest of honor, especially if you are a child.

Once we were guests of honor at a Breakfast Club and it was a Christmas party. Movie children were also guests of honor and we sat next to Mayor Shaw

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of Los Angeles. So then they introduced us and we do not make speeches in public because Mamma says we won't, and we do not care to, anyway. But then they called on Edith Fellowes and Philip Macmahan and George Ernst and Jackie Cooper to introduce who brought them, so after Edith Fellowes sang *La Tosca*, and Philip Macmahan sang *Some of These Days* and another boy named Billy danced, they spoke like masters of ceremonies. Edith Fellowes said, "Ladies and Gentlemen, I want to thank you for the lovely reception you have given me. Oh, thank you very much. When I was two years old my mother left me and my grandmother brought me up, and whatever I have done or will do I owe to my grandmother. Ladies and Gentlemen, my grandmother." And Jackie Cooper got up but he did not look as though he felt like it. His hair has two color blonds, like it is bleached with the sun. He said, "Ladies and Gentlemen, the best friend I have in the world, my mother." So his mother got up and bowed. Then Philip Macmahan introduced his father, and George Ernst, who was the nicest of all, and works in the Jones family had come up with a friend, so he couldn't introduce anybody. Then Cora Sue Collins came in late and she said, "I did not

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know I was coming, but here I am." It is a funny thing these children's knees didn't shake. When we were having our pictures taken one boy came up and said, "Hey, what was the name of that book of yours, 'Gone with the Wind'?" For gosh sakes!

The Assistance League is a place where society works for the poor. They give lunches to get money to carry on their work and have a shop and also provide rich houses for the movies to rent. They had a special lunch for us and had on the menu a Johnny Special, Richard Special, and Patience Special, and a special named after our book. All the sub-debs were there and I, Patience, sat at the table with them between the President, a handsome chic girl named Nancy Brown and the Harold Lloyd girls. The Harold Lloyd girls are quite pretty, one with curls and the other bobbed. They are both blond. They act like society children. People say they have a church on their estate and children go to it on Sundays. They look as though they might have a church on their estate. Their clothes looked like Bullock Wilshire where only millionaires and stars shop. Richard, Johnny and Mamma sat with Izzy at another table.

Tommy and Charlie Chaplin, Jr., are two hand-

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some boys. They live on their grandmother's ranch in San Fernando Valley on week-ends, except when their father takes them, otherwise they go to the Black Foxe Academy. Their mother, Lita Grey, is quite handsome and spends a lot of money on Christmas presents, including one each to Paulette Goddard and Charlie Chaplin. Tommy and Charlie are very kind with all their things and gave me, Patience, a doll besides books for Christmas and they would give you anything. They are crazy about the movies, just as we are. Mamma took them and us to Padua Hills to see Mrs. Bess Garner's Mexican Players, and were they good! It was a Christmas play, early American, and afterwards we went with Mrs. Garner to her ranch to pick oranges with the Paul Girard Smith children, who are very good at wise-cracks, and were giving us a large party (36 children—Spanky MacFarlane of Our Gang, and his brother, were there). Mrs. Garner's players sing and dance and wait on table before they act in the play. It is a swell place, out near Mount Baldy.

Tommy Chaplin is expert playing Tarzan, ten years old, and has a Tarzan house on the Eucalyptus tree in his back yard. Charlie is expert playing the piano and is sort of a poet with dark soft brown eyes



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and when he plays the piano his eyes get darker as though he dreams when he plays. They both are expert on torture stories. When we were going to Padua Hills they were thinking up the worst tortures in the world. Here is one. How would you like to have your hands tied up and they pull your fingernails out by inches while they are burning your eyes and tickling your backbone? Aunt Thelma said she could not bear to hear any more. Tommy and Charlie do not believe in torture, however. We think they are a little lonely sometimes because they want to play with children all the time, and most of the week they are in the military academy. Tommy plays like mad all the time, and is in the dog house at school about as much as we are.

We went with Tommy and Charlie and the grandmother to see their father, Christmas day. Mr. Chaplin lives in a large estate, very rich. Paulette Goddard is pretty. Her room is full of white fur, polar bear we think. We did not see Mr. Chaplin's room, but we imagine it had black fur. The finest thing Mr. Chaplin has is a large sword out of an Emperor's palace. It was very hard to make him be a funny man.

Mrs. Harry Lachman is a Chinese lady who lives

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in a house with red brick on the outside in a clump of trees, with a garden that looks as though it could have been in Versailles. The inside of the house has beige velvet carpet which makes walking on it very quiet, and is not suited to children. All over are delicate statues and bric-à-brac. Her bedroom is gold with a perfume tree. This tree has perfume bottles on each branch. She has a window for blue-birds. This house looks as though she built it around herself. She has straight black hair and long black shades over her eyes. She does not look like a real lady at all, but like a lady someone made a picture of. Their table had delicate cream flowers on it, but these were not even real. The glassware was exquisite. Everywhere were gorgeous delicate flowers, not real. This was a picture house out of a book. You'd have to be delicate to live in a house like this.

Harry Lachman is the man who was our landlord in Val de Grace. He is now also very delicate. He has an office full of drawers, which Richard and Johnny examined, all of them. He seemed to be nervous with boys in the house because all the low tables had flowers, not real, and delicate lamps of priceless value. His wife sat on the floor with a ruby red pair of pajamas on, eating chocolates. She speaks

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with a delicate accent. Harry Lachman had bedroom slippers on in this delicate house. He seems all right. Their food is very good.

We were taken to their house in a Rolls-Royce which sounded like a bus when the chauffeur changed to second. It was very old-fashioned and elegant, and we thought we were going to see old people until we saw who it was, because the chauffeur was old and had high-class manners.

When we went to see Myrna Loy she was coming down a large white staircase in a white satin robe. Myrna Loy is quiet like a beautiful painting that you look at for a long time, and it never changes. Mrs. Mulvey says she never loses her temper but when she means a thing she means it without getting excited. She was coming down this white staircase to meet Clark Gable who was supposed to be Parnell. He walked over to her and watched her coming down and looked her over from head to foot and said: "You are very beautiful this evening, Madame." He acted as though he was in love with her. This was supposed to be the idea, we imagine. He certainly has a way of doing things with women just by looking at them, although Myrna Loy was acting as though she thought it was all right as it stood, but she wasn't

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wearing her heart where it could be seen. It looked like very good acting.

Then we went over to see the set of "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney." Mr. Frank Morgan was there and some other people playing a scene at a tea table, all very sophisticated. Mr. Bolelawsky was the director. He was dressed in a pair of grey slacks, unpresed and an old sweater. He had a nice face. He is now dead. He dropped dead four days after we saw him and it gave us a shock. He was not old at all. Frank Morgan is a gay man very polite and well dressed.

We did not see Joan Crawford, although she expected us, nor Jean Harlow, although she expected us, because they were both sick and had to leave from exhaustion of the flu.

Everyone said Jean Harlow was nice before she died—so at least she was one movie star who didn't have to wait until she died before they said she was nice and I, Patience, think it was very mean for them to let out her last picture to come and see a dead person walking around in the movies, because she is sleeping peacefully in God's house and for the sake of money they make her friends come to see her on the screen.

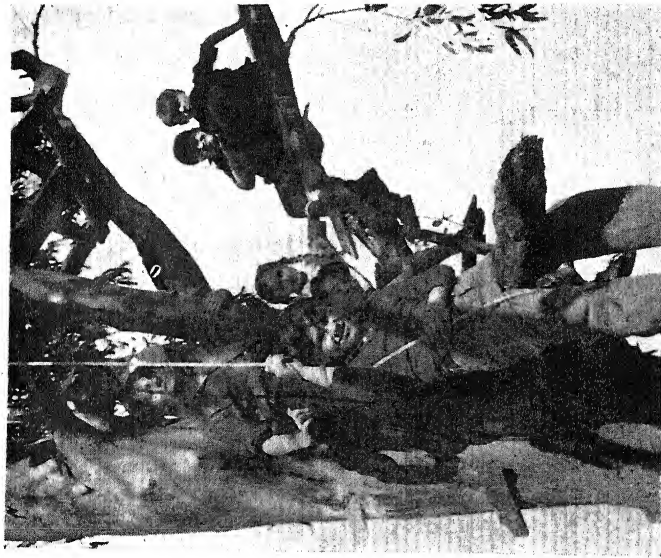
We met Reginald Owen, and he also is a nice man.



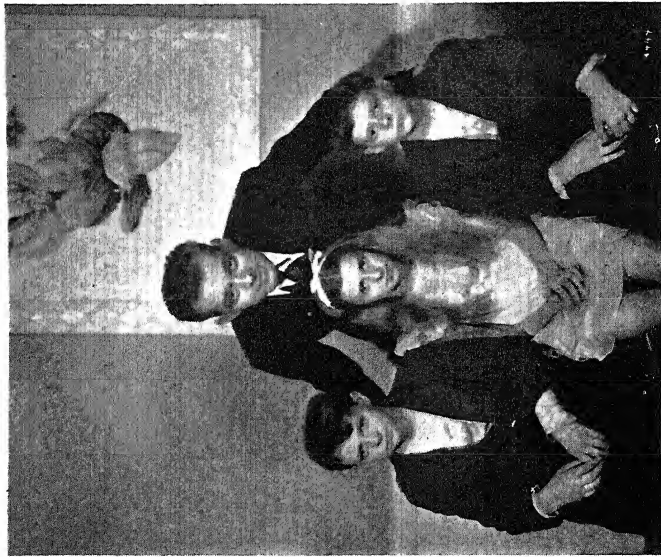
The Chaplin boys and Fay Gillis Wells with us—and Snooks, who came from Ethiopia



(1) Eddie Cantor with the Abbes. (2) The Chaplin boys, mother, grandmother and great-grandmother



After we played on Tommy and Charlie's Tarzan tree we went to see Tarzan in the movies



Director W. S. Van Dyke, of M-G-M, with the Abbe trio

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When we say they are nice, we mean it that way. Because you can see some people who might be acting nice, but you know they are not really nice.

When we were having lunch at the commissary at MGM, they took Patience's autograph book away from her to be given back when leaving. While we were sitting there some people came up and said how do you do. They were Elissa Landi and another very blond lady. Then Groucho Marx came over with some pals. He was so funny that we nearly died. He said his brother Harpo doesn't know he is still doing "A Night at the Opera." They are our favorite people, outside of the Ritz Brothers, Patsy Kelly, Jack Haley, Our Gang, Paul Muni, Shirley Temple, Gracie Allen, George Burns, Bing Crosby, Bob Burns, Joe Penner, Robert Montgomery, Mischa Auer, Lyda Roberti, Laurel and Hardy, Rosina Lawrence, Ginger Rogers, Constance Bennett, Cary Grant, Mary Boland, Irene Franklin, Jane Withers, Gilda Gray, Warren William, Alan Mowbray, Shirley Temple and some others.

While we were sitting at lunch Karl Creighton was over there. But he did not come up to say how do you do because, we imagine, he was remembering what he said about Papa in the war, that Papa ought

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to get the booby prize instead of our friend H. R. Knickerbocker who had it before. The way these people can sit all safe at their desks in a country with no war and talk about people who are out with bullets flying around them is certainly funny.

It is also funny about people who talk to make a living. Take the radio. Why, they said over the radio that Joan Crawford had monograms on her nightgowns. And they say, "Why, it looks as though so-and-so is going to get a divorce." And they say, "If so-and-so doesn't look out, she'll be out because she is slowly losing her glamour. Some of the rumors are that this young lady is not so hot so far as her studio executives are concerned." And they say, "So-and-so is getting too fat." Why, if Aunt Mary were here and were somebody they would be saying on the radio, "At this moment Aunt Mary took her teeth out because she liked the people who were in the house." "Aunt Mary apparently does not like so-and-so because she kept her teeth in all day. And these pepole didn't have the sense to leave." Do you see what we mean? So that no one who is anybody out here, which is a silly idea anyway, has any peace because people are watching how they breathe, eat, sleep and so on and so forth.



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In the old days in New England, when people were old-fashioned and strict and very religious and very hard and cruel, people were put in jail for speaking tough. At this rate plenty of people in America would be in jail today for speaking slang and using a tough tone of voice. Practically all the children of America would be in jail, probably, including us. And no doubt all the radio gossipers would be in jail also, if this were in the old days when they had the people in the court and said, like I, Patience, saw in an old book:

"We present Goody Mendum for sayeing to Hugh Gullison and John Davis yee devills."

"A tale bearer from house to house, setting differences between neighbours."

"For idlenesse and walking up and downe in the neglect of his calling."

"For instigateing of a person to make a ly, telling of him. It was tenn groats for doeing it."

## *Chapter X*

WHEN YOU GO TO THE movie studios you have to have an appointment to get through the gate and they check you up even if you go in a studio car with the name of the studio on the window. So then the gate man says, "Okay," and you go into the place where there is nothing but make-believe.

These lots are really like great big make-believe cities with make-believe people. The big Czars are hidden away in some office, and the writers in some other building, and secretaries and other people are writing on typewriters like in business offices, and you pass through alleys on real streets and look in and see cans and cans of movies, and the wardrobe department is full of costumes hanging up with some star's name on it. Then you pass the make-up department, where they make you unreal, and the

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commissary where all eat, with the exception of the big shots' private dining-rooms or a star's dressing-room, which is a real little house with a bathroom, salon and dressing-room, and maybe a barbershop, strictly private to the star, like Robert Montgomery.

Then you look at rather tall buildings, about two stories high, which says, stage 5, stage 9, etc., after you have passed some set which has already been shot, but still standing with no back to them. Then you see 42nd Street and Broadway, although this is Hollywood. And on the other side is Shanghai or some other place.

You cannot get into the sound stages when the red lights are on, although when we were with someone who was somebody we got in anyway by tiptoeing through. Then you walk through sets and sets and away off are lights showing and you go there and there are people with brown stuff on their faces, all looking very handsome but painted, and these people are acting in front of a large camera on wheels with a long stick in front, which is the "mike." Around this camera are about ten men, who are camera man, assistant, and their assistants. A little way off is a man with phones on his ears, and he is the one who has the last word. When he says, "Quiet"

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then they begin and he listens in as they go along. There is always a little crowd around these people acting. The director with his assistant and secretary and someone reading the lines to themselves as the actors say them.

There are a lot of other little crowds sitting around waiting, or some people are sitting by themselves looking bored, and some are knitting or reading or talking. But most of it is wait, act, wait, act, repeat, lights, camera, wait, repeat until the man with the ear phones says okay, and the director is satisfied. And those who are not on the set are sometimes stars who were called but don't get to do their act. So they amuse themselves in their dressing-room with company. You positively have to have a lot of patience, because it all is very important because the films cost a lot. The lights are yellow and very hot and the electricians and carpenters and so forth smile very nicely at you. They are more interested in who comes on the set than some other people.

So this is the way they manufacture movies, and when these movies are in their cans the people who have made these movies, their fate is in these cans too. And they say you never can tell. If you happen to make a bad movie you are put in the ashcan, as they

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say, so that you get discouraged because they keep on saying it, "She's on her way out." And the funny part is that it might be someone else's fault. So you see it is a dangerous game. Half the time you don't know where you stand, unless you know how to talk back or have someone around you who knows how to talk back. But even then they will say, "Mr. and Mrs. Public don't like you," and so you start for the ashcan. And at the bottom of all this is money. So the best thing to do is save all your money, in case. It must be the very saddest thing in the world to get old and remember how rich you were and how all the people looked when they saw you and now you can walk on the street and no one looks at you and you are poor.

Hasoutra saw a sign on the Casino de Paris where she was a star one time and it said, "No matter how great you are you can always be replaced." So all movie stars should get this sign to remind them to save their money and mingle with the people in case anything happens.

One day a very pretty tall lady with blue eyes and real blond hair, who has a husband and an open Chrysler and a very beautiful real blond baby, whose name is Mrs. Kolma Flake, called up Mamma and said,

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"Will you come out to lunch with Our Gang?" Of course, Mamma knew that Izzy on the *L. A. Times* had called Mrs. Flake so Mrs. Flake would ask us. Izzy was instructing Mamma how to go about things in Hollywood, seeing as how Mamma had no idea how to go about things. So Mrs. Flake said we were very welcome, and also said she knew who we were, although a lot of other people did not, and Mamma had to always explain.

Mamma would say, "Hello, this is so-and-so and I am the mother of so-and-so." And they would say, "Oh, really, well I have not heard of it." Then Mamma would say, "Thank you, good-bye." So then Izzy began to tell people who Mamma was so that Mamma would not feel so bashful when she called up, so finally that is how we got around in the end. You cannot expect secretaries to have read all the books in the world. Well, anyway, Kolma Flake knew who we were, and we did not have to explain in any way.

When we arrived in the Hal Roach car they said, "Go right in; okay, little folks." This car picked us up at school and took us to Culver City where the outside building was covered with green ivy. There is an oil well right in the middle of the street on the way.



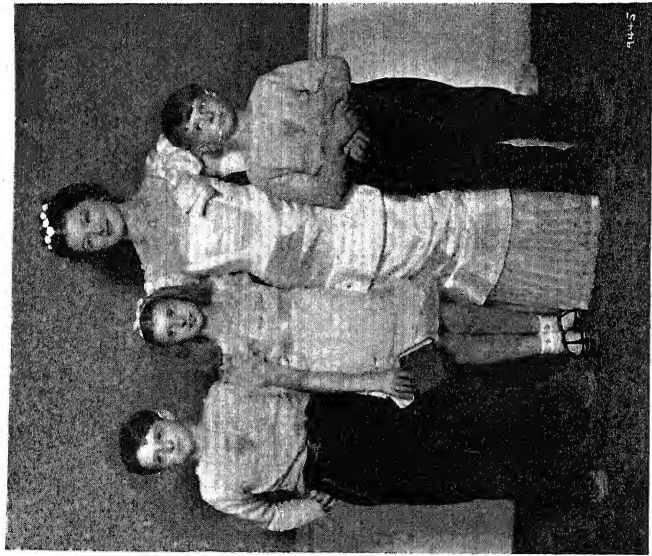
*Photo courtesy Columbia Studios*

The Abbe children and Harry Lachman



*Photo Albert L. Bresnik*

At the Assistance League. Harold Lloyd's children, Gloria and Peggy, with Patience and Nancy Brown



*Photo courtesy M-G-M Studios*

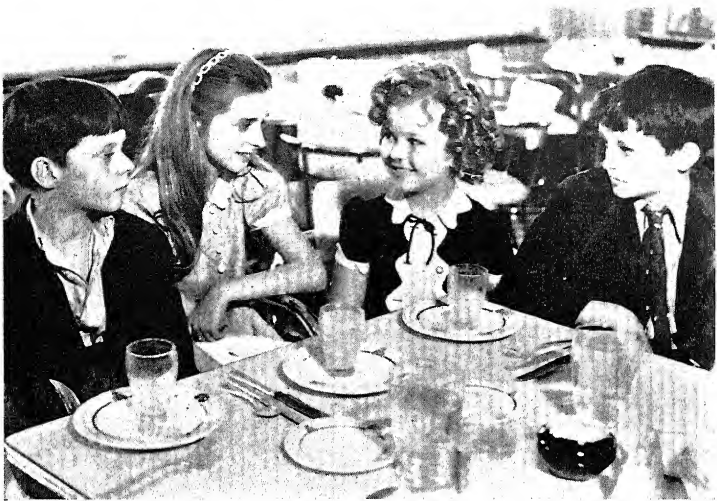
Myrna Loy with the Abbe children



*Photo courtesy M-G-M Studios*

Richard, Patience and Johnny with Clark Gable  
as "Parnell,"





*Photo courtesy Twentieth Century-Fox Studios*

This shows Shirley Temple's special tomato juice



*Photo by James E. Abbe*

This is Genevieve, a very special dog. The lady is Genevieve Tobin, who gave her to me



*Photo courtesy Walt Disney Studios*

This Mickey Mouse, Minnie Mouse and Donald Duck belong especially to Walt Disney, who is here with us and two friends



*Photo by James E. Abbe*

This dead sea cow smelled very bad. He came up on shore at Laguna Beach on Easter Sunday

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So we got there and Kolma Flake took us right over to the set where Our Gang was. Spanky MacFarlane was expecting us. When we laid eyes on him and he laid eyes on us, a little colored boy who was sitting next to him also doing lessons with the school-teacher said, "There they are." So Spanky came over to us and shook hands.

Spanky is a little fat boy, eight years old. This is his history: He has been acting since he was two years old and now he is eight and he signed a seven year contract, so that will make him fifteen years old when he is through, if he is through by then. This will make him quite rich. He already has a big car. So he won't come off so badly in any case. He probably never thought he would come to this when he started in. His mother says he gets very bored when he is home not working, so I guess this is where he belongs. It is all what you get used to. He reads Big Little books, is an expert football player, is quite handsome in a fat way, and has no use for love. He has a brother who doesn't care to be in the movies, but he hangs around anyway. When he is not working he goes to school on the set anyway. His mother is not old. The reason why he got this name is because when he was young his mother kept saying, "Now be

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careful or I'll spank you. Spanky, spanky, spanky." So now he is and always will be Spanky until he changes it himself.

Spanky could not understand why we are going to China in a fruit boat, so he asked us right away why we didn't go in a passenger steamer because of the comfort. So Mamma said a fruit boat stops at all the ports and you see the people and you are not in a hurry. But Spanky shook his head and didn't agree. He said it was more convenient in a passenger ship. And he certainly is not a sissy—by no means. I suppose that is why he's fat. He likes comfort.

Our Gang were the first movie children we met in Hollywood and the Hal Roach studios have chairs for their extras. The other studios only have benches. Our Gang is called, Spanky, age 8, Alfalfa, age 7, Buckwheat, age 4, Porky, age 5, Darla, age 5, Baby Patsy, age 2½.

When we asked Baby Patsy her name she said, "Baby Patsy, Our Gang." She positively believes that is now her last name. She is quite beautiful with skin like a china doll, and soft silk hair. The way they act out there we don't think these children will be ruined because they grow right out of their contracts,

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which means they are out of work when they are still children.

Alfalfa has a long stick of hair sticking up on his head and every minute somebody like the painter or the carpenter or the photographer or someone working around would stick it up again for him. This Hal Roach studio was like being home, although it was on a sound stage, where everyone was working but having a good time. Nothing seemed to be a matter of life or death. This Our Gang acts, but they don't seem to be not real. They seem to be what they are. The director, who has dark eyes and curly hair, sits on the floor and talks to this gang and tells them what to do and they go over and do it. The extras were the ones who made the mistakes. They were kids all dressed up in smoking and cabaret costumes, and some were in street clothes and rode around on scooters, but they were always making mistakes.

Alfalfa was a traffic cop directing the traffic on Broadway and 42nd Street, New York City, and he did it over and over again while these others kids made mistakes because they didn't get around the scenery in time on the scooters. But the director never got mad once. And Alfalfa's stick of hair was always being stuck up for him. He says he would like to cut

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it off. When Alfalfa sang, "I'm through with love," he sounded like a lunatic, but this is his art. He is a comedian.

Porgy was dressed up as a West Point boy. His mother is always getting after him because he thinks he has a lot of things to do which takes him where he ought not to be. So his mother follows him around to keep him out of trouble.

Baby Patsy is always in someone's arms. She is exquisite. Anybody's arms. She is the sort that people take to. It seemed remarkable to us that there were no fights at all on the set and they all seem to get along.

Little Buckwheat was so cute with false teeth in the place of the ones that fell out. They didn't fit him so they stuck out, and his shoes were too big for him and stuck out. He was also a West Point man. He said "tooter" for "scooter," so you can imagine how young he is. He is very black and his hair is very kinky.

While we were there a child of two months came on the set with a nurse and a welfare worker. It was earning a living for its father, who was out of work. They are not allowed to have a child so young under the lights for more than 32 seconds at a time. So

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you see how careful they are of children, so these children don't come to any harm in the end and no one can blame themselves.

The whole set was full of people, all young, including the young director, who worked his way up. They were Mary Kornman, Joe Cobb, very fat, Mickey Daniels, very red hair and big freckles, and Rosina Lawrence. Rosina Lawrence is a girl with real blond hair who was once paralyzed in the spine from an accident and she used her character to make her better. So she danced and danced until the paralysis went away and now is working her way up to be a star.

The school-teacher had on a purple dress and her white hair looked very pretty with this. All the mothers were sitting around in back with their children, the extras, giving them lessons, while the stars had the school-teacher, and these kids couldn't go on the set unless they asked her, and when they were not working they had to ask her if they could do this or that. They did lessons between scenes.

The mothers were also knitting. It looked like a very boring life for the mothers to be sitting around all day like that.

Pete, the pup, was hanging around with his trainer,

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an Italian man. He is a calm dog and lets anyone pet him, but he does not act as though he would ask you for a pat. He is an actor, so hangs around with his trainer like something special, but at the same time he is not stuck up. He acts as though he is used to all this.

Everybody seems to be very happy on the Hal Roach sets. We did not see anyone being bored. Our Gang set looked a little like a picnic, and if the lights and cameras had not been there we would have thought so.

The watchman was once a Mounted Police, and showed us his badge. The sound man let us listen in. Then Mr. Roach came in. He is the big shot. He was very quiet and looked quite contented, and said, "How do you do?" He didn't act as though he owned all this, so what! He was just himself. Looking it all over and not saying anything. We don't imagine they have scouts running ahead of him and saying, "Gee, look out, here comes the big shot."

Our Gang is healthy because a doctor has to come all the time and examine them so they don't get a chance not to be healthy.

There are certain kinds of actors in the children class in Hollywood. Some are just silly show-offs and



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act like grown-ups and are so polite that you know it is all put on. Others are just plain freaks, wearing Russian boots, hair bleached, dresses up to their derrières, and always looking for work with their mothers who are very plain-looking. You see them coming in at the studios to meet somebody and they are acting all the time, looking so sweet and like molasses. If you kicked one of them they would probably faint. Some of them are really tough and say "nerts" in a very tough manner. But most of them are sweet like molasses and don't act like other children. They are mostly quiet. It would be funny to see how they play. They would probably not be fair because when they were losing they would probably start acting and then they would have you.

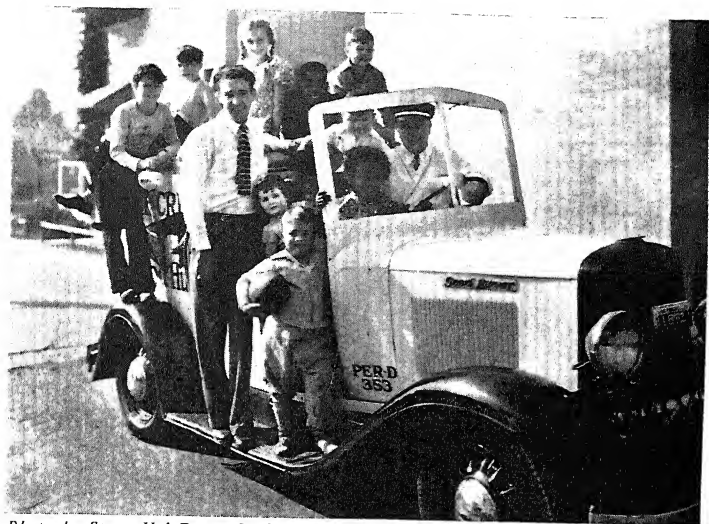
Then there are some that are just different who are called geniuses. This means they act well in pictures. They are all right, but not like real children, just the same. They are interested in careers.

All these children are what they are because their mothers or their aunts or grandmothers or so on and so forth taught them this one thing and that was the big thing in their lives. They have been taught to read lines by people and sing and dance. The show-offs act as though there was nothing in the world but

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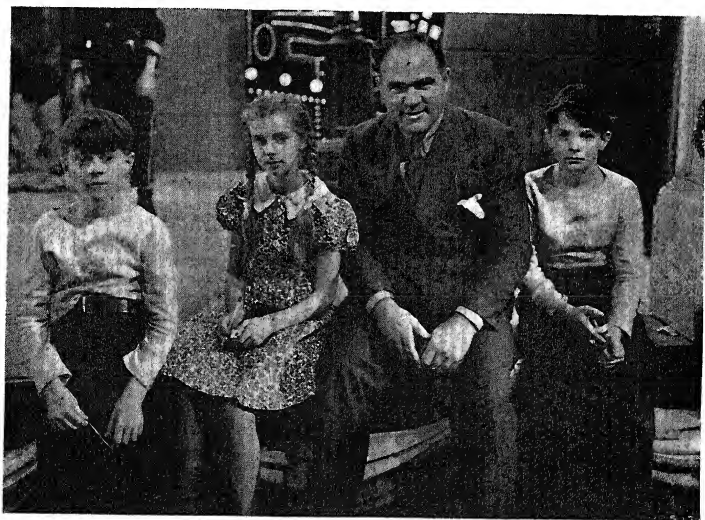
what they are and they are very grown-up in a peculiar way and their mothers are living off them, but they do not act mean to their mothers. They just act like they are. They are glad to make some money also. In this way they do some good. Of course, if you can make money when you are a child, this can do no harm. And also there are some children who would be actors no matter what happened. But the trouble is that a lot of children have mothers who think they are actors, when they are not, so they make them train and then these children think they are actors, because they are used to it and that is the way some children get to be actors.

It must be a very hard thing to be a child and make believe you are somebody else. We do not know if you have to have brains to be able to do this or just get used to it. If you get used to it, it must change your life. There are a lot of people who can't stand child actors and won't have anything to do with them. They moan when they see them acting on the screen. Then there are people who say, "That child is a genius and will be the greatest star in the world." So you see there is a difference of opinion out here. It is a funny thing that in Connecticut things would not



*Photo by Stacs, Hal Roach Studios*

With Our Gang and Director Douglas in the Hal Roach car



*Photo by Stacs, Hal Roach Studios*

Johnny, Patience, Hal Roach, Richard



*Photo by Stacs, Hal Roach Studios*

A visit to Our Gang. Patience, Johnny, Alfalfa Switzer, Richard, Porky Lee, Buckwheat Thomas and Spanky McFarland



*Photo by Stacs, Hal Roach Studios*



*Photo Universal Pictures*

- (1) The Abbes with Jack Haley at the Hal Roach Studios,
- (2) Jean Rogers, of Universal

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be so important as they make them here in Hollywood.

But anyway, although Our Gang are actors, still they are not. Do you see what we mean? Here on their set they can play and no one tells them they don't like children and no one tells them they are marvelous. So they act all right. They have a good time even while working.

Well, Spanky made a date with us to play football after lunch, so we agreed. Pretty soon they said, "One hour and a half for lunch." So Our Gang all roared out of the studio and we roared with them over to the commissary. We rushed into the restaurant and Mrs. Flake had a special table for us. All the mothers showed up on time when we began to eat. Baby Patsy was on a high chair at the head of the table. We all had hot roast beef sandwiches and raspberry sundaes because it was a special day for all of us, so we could get what we wanted. Buckwheat's mother, however, sent over some eggs, and Porky had to eat some cheese and Darla had to eat some soup and Baby Patsy had some baby stuff.

Spanky didn't want to waste any time so he could start the football game outside on the grass. But before we went, Mamma wanted to know what they

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were all growing up to be. Spanky didn't say, but it looks as though he will be an actor. Alfalfa gave us five guesses. Garbage man? No. Truck-driver, camera man, milkman, aviator? No. He is going to be a cowboy. He has now ten goats on his farm in Illinois to start this ranch and be a cowboy. He is called Alfalfa because he came off a farm in Illinois. He will probably be good because he collected money for the Christmas fund in the studio for an orphan asylum down on a certain boulevard, and he collected the money in his hat. He did this on his own, so he would be able to collect rent on his farm. He seems to be a good business man and had ten cents in his pocket. He said his grandmother was dying and there was no hope and he said he thought his grandfather would grieve to death. If he sticks to this idea of being a farmer he will know where he gets off, and so life won't just begin for him when he gets another movie job. If most people had good ideas like Alfalfa about what they're going to do when they get old Hollywood would be worth while.

Porky is called this because he is so fat. Darla, a beautiful black-eyed girl, pretty young, was called this because her mother found this name in a book.

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Buckwheat is just called Buckwheat and no one knew why.

Spanky won't stand for anyone babying around him. He could be very tough I imagine if anyone got fresh with him. I, Patience, am collecting autographs and when I asked Darla, Spanky looked over and sneered in quite a sneery way and said, "Cut out the love and kisses." When we asked little Baby Patsy what she was going to be Spanky said she didn't know how to think yet, so why ask her. Buckwheat is going to be a truck-driver. He is a real little colored boy whose art is that he looks just like they want him to look like with the clothes they give him. Darla is the female star because she is so handsome.

So we had a good football game and Jack Haley came in the yard and played with us.

But pretty soon Spanky said, "Gee, I gotta get back to work," so we all got on to the ice-cream wagon and rode back to work.

## *Chapter XI*

WE WENT BACK AGAIN to Hal Roach's to have lunch with Patsy Kelly. She had for lunch a ham sandwich with butter and an olive and chili sauce, which she cannot live without. She came from Brooklyn and was born one half an inch from the Williamsburg Bridge and her mother made her take dancing lessons to keep her off the streets because she got knocked down once a day by a taxicab. She told us all this and said she was a tomboy as a child. I asked her how she liked being a funny lady, so she thought awhile and then said that she just was, she supposed. She looked much different in her evening gown than her street dress. She looked good in both. Her street dress was two color blue and her evening dress was black and gold with white polar fur on the bottom. She is not very tall, but about the same size as most people. She has beau-



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tiful brown eyes and is handsome. Her hair is not bleached. But she has not long eyelashes because when she saw us she said she wished she had long eyelashes like us.

When she was sitting there eating her ham sandwich everyone came along, including Hal Roach's son, who is the spittin image of him, and said, "Hello, Patsy," and they seemed to like her very, very much, and she seemed to like everybody too, even us. We forgot to ask her is there anyone she does not like. But anyway she doesn't seem not to like anybody. You'd be surprised how many people go around saying, "So-and-so is my pet hate, I can't stand this one or that one, she's dead from the neck up." But when we saw these people we didn't see why people couldn't stand them, with the exception of a few. But that could happen anywhere. The only difference would be that in one place you could not stand a person for what they are, and in Hollywood you could not stand a person for what they seem to be, although they may not be that at all.

Lyda Roberti ate lunch with us too. I do not remember what she had. She had curls on like Marie Antoinette although she had an English suit on. She has a good shape and her teeth are beautiful,

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all her own. Patsy Kelly hasn't false teeth either. She was not allowed to drink water with her meals.

Then Mischa Auer came and sat down. Lyda Roberti said she was baptized in Moscow, although she is Polish. Mischa Auer said he was born in St. Petersburg, which is now called Leningrad. But he got out of Russia when he was fifteen, so I guess he is better off here in Hollywood in the movies. He said he is very glad he is not any more on a vacation at ten cents a week. He is a very gentle tall man and anyone could tell he was Russian on account of his eyes having so much fire in them. We like Russian people because their ancestors have suffered, but they try to be happy no matter what happens. Lyda Roberti had a hard life at one time too, but her father was a famous clown called Roberti. It is funny here they don't think so much of clowns as they do in Europe. In Europe if you are a star clown you are as much of a star as anybody else. Here they think clowns are just atmosphere.

It is probably the truth that Oliver Hardy is the only person in Hollywood who does not bother about dieting to keep his shape down. He is a very fat man. Stan Laurel has blue eyes the exact color of the sky and he had a coat on to match. He seemed

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very handsome with his cap on and not so old as he does in the pictures. He is a quiet man like Oliver Hardy, and showed us how to take our finger off. It's a trick. These are our favorite people, besides Patsy Kelly and some others. Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy stand around talking to each other in a very quiet way practising their act and so when they do it in front of the camera they are perfect. They are calm artists.

So we went over to see Walt Disney who is the inventor of Mickey Mouse, Minnie Mouse and Donald Duck. Walt Disney had a large picture of his real child on the desk for all to see. We were very surprised that Walt Disney is so young. We went over with a lady whose daughter once went over with her when she was six years old and this girl thought Mickey was real, so Walt Disney took her all around and then said, "I wonder what is keeping Mickey?" So this girl then went home because Walt Disney said Mickey was down having a fight on the corner and Minnie was running a dress shop and could not keep her appointment. So then when this girl got home she got a note from Mickey saying how sorry he was not to have been there to meet her, and also excusing Minnie.

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This studio is a very neat studio and very quiet with people in rooms drawing 15 and 20 drawings for each character for whatever is being done. They told us that each drawing is "accurately measured," and has to be positively perfect. There are twenty men in the orchestra for Mickey and 30 for the Silly Symphonie. The very best in Los Angeles. They even have up to 48 drawings for each little character that moves around, and these artists have a mirror and they make faces at themselves in this mirror so they can draw just the right sort of a look they want on their little Mickey or Minnie or whatever it is they are drawing.

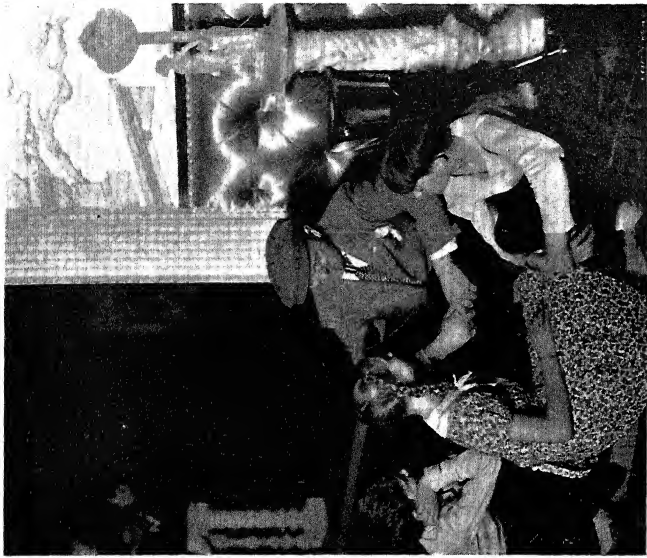
When we went in to see Leigh Harline he played what he was making for "Wynken, Blynken and Nod." It was lovely music. And they are doing "Snowwhite and the Seven Dwarfs," and are making 150,000 drawings. Donald Duck is called Duckie around the studio and he made these duck noises for us when we were not looking. And so we left with an autographed picture of Mickey, Minnie and Donald Duck.

In the Harmonising Studios we started off by having a fight, but Mr. Harmon then promised us to see some of his movies, so we went around and saw



*Photo by Stacs, Hal Roach Studios*

Patsy Kelly and Mischa Auer are two of our favorite people



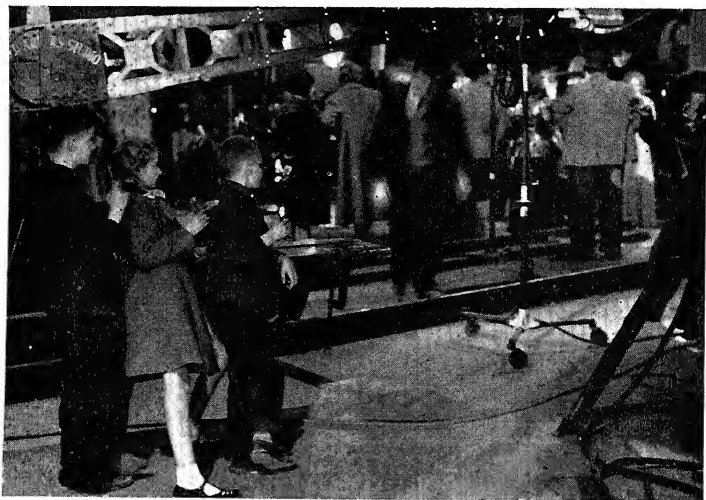
*Photo by Stacs, Hal Roach Studios*

We thought Stan Laurel was Oliver Hardy's brother until he told us he wasn't



*Photo by Staacs, Hal Roach Studios*

Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy are very quiet people and our very special favorites



*Photo by Staacs, Hal Roach Studios*

We had a very good time watching Laurel and Hardy working

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all the beautiful drawings, and they were really works of art. They start off with drawings in black and white and then you see girls with white gloves making pretty colors on these thousands of drawings, and when you see this on the screen you have no idea the work there is to it. Honey took us over. Her name is not Honey, but Grace, but she is the voice of Honey on the screen and she sang for us, "There ain't no spooks, there ain't no spooks," but surely everyone has heard her, so why should we go on. Honey is a girl who used to be an opera singer. Harmonising is called this because one man is called Hugh Harmon and the other Rudolph Ising, so they just put their names together, and so they are harmonizing. The man who makes all the music came in with us and we saw five pictures, and would have stayed for more, but they had to do other things. But they were lovely to us like Walt Disney.

They have a street in Los Angeles which is the oldest street there called Olvera Street. You do not have to go to Mexico; they have it all there. They have drive-ins where you drive in with your car and a girl dressed like a bell-hop comes over, takes your order and then comes back and screws your tray on the window of your car, and you don't get out of

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the car. You can have soup or sandwiches or most anything like in any restaurant. They have a drive-in movie. There is a Greek Theater here and the Hollywood Bowl, which is a hollow in the hill where they put on plays and sing to God on Easter morning at 5 A.M. They have crosses also on these hills and they say that there are more religious people in Hollywood than in any place in the world. Aimee Semple McPherson is always in the papers about something in her church. But she says, "I still love my daughter."

A lady told us that Tom Mix said, "If God will do His part and keep hair growing on my head, I'll do my part and keep it dyed." Well, he is not the only one who does. This lady was Rosalind Shaffer, a reporter on the *Chicago Tribune*. She has two children and a husband and a beautiful house whose drawing-room looks down on all Hollywood. You eat upstairs and sleep downstairs, and the garden and billiard-room is the last floor down.

Aunt Thelma Colman lived in a chic apartment, furnished with cream-colored satin. She is now down in a beach house with atmosphere, and has beds for all of us, including a private apartment for Mamma and Papa downstairs, with a private bathroom and a view. A sea cow died and rolled on to the beach right



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in front of Aunt Thelma and was stinking so she had to call the police. It was on Easter Sunday. We were in bathing in December here.

There is one thing about California. You can have whatever scenery you want. If you like beaches there are all kinds, and if you like deserts, there are quite a few, and if you like the country you can also have it. And you could even be in a place where you practically had all three.

We went to the Los Angeles Library for National Book Week, and a lot of children came to see us. They all sat in a circle in the courtyard and looked at us and we looked at them. We think that of the thousands of people we have met those who read books are more interesting than the others.

J. P. McEvoy called us up and asked us to dinner because George Bye wrote to him and hinted about doing this. So his secretary made a date and we went up. He is a man who writes stories for the magazines. He is a great traveler. George Bye wrote to a lot of other people to call us up, but they refused evidently, because they did not call up. This was in the beginning when we did not know anybody. These were society people, outside of J. P. McEvoy.

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But generally people don't call people up here. You have to break your neck getting acquainted, and then when you do, everything is absolutely marvelous, even too much so. Why, when you have met these people you are surprised it was so hard to meet them, because they don't act as though it should have been hard.

J. P. McEvoy had a little boy six years old come up after dinner with his piano teacher. This boy composes his own music and can sit down on two books and play Bach, Chopin, or whatever he knows. He sat there and was going to play something, so he said, "I prefer another key. Let me think." He did not want to play in the same key as his teacher. He was remarkable and he did some other stunts. He can sing and dance also. When he danced he kept right on dancing until he was out of breath and Mr. McEvoy said, "You'd better stop, little fellow," but he kept right on until he had danced every step he knew. He is probably an over genius. He knows too many things, and ought to stick to one. Margaret Santrey was there. She is now married to J. P. McEvoy.

We went over to see Genevieve Tobin. She is the

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lady who saw me in Paris and said, "Is this a china doll or a baby?" She is giving me a dog, a complete thoroughbred. Papa says she is prettier than ever and has a very fine shape, far better than most. She is a nice lady.

It is a funny thing that ever since we have been hanging around famous people we haven't a chance to own a little mutt dog. We are always getting thoroughbreds. It would seem that no mongrels could bear to live in this famous place with so many thoroughbreds around. Why, the other day I, Richard, was walking home and a little white dog followed me all the way. Even he is a thoroughbred, although his tail is unusual. It was not cut off when it was a pup. It is otherwise thoroughbred wire-haired. He was lost and smelled terrible, and we called up the *Examiner* but no one claimed him. He answers to the name of "Buddy."

Why, even Frou-frou, a French sheep dog, a she dog given to us by Jane and Bruce Lockwood, she was so refined and too delicate to live, so that she got distemper and died at the dog specialist's. We are getting to act like everybody else. Now that we have thoroughbreds we have to trade with dog spe-

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cialists. I suppose we will be talking like all the rest one day, about our dog's operations and where we can get the most remarkable food for our pet, instead of bringing him up like a regular dog.

## *Chapter XII*

SHIRLEY TEMPLE COULD not be anything else but an actress because her whole life since she was a child has been being an actress. But she is a very happy actress because she doesn't get any of the sadness which comes to grown-up actors trying to get along. Everything was easy for her after the first time her mother let her act. She is the most famous child in the world and knows it. When Mamma said, "How do you feel when all the people tell you you are so cute and beautiful, etc., etc.?" she said, "I've heard it so much, I don't care." She meant she was used to it. Then she said, "But if I didn't hear it I certainly would miss it." So you see how it is to be famous. You get used to things like they are and you can't get used to things like they were before.

Shirley looks like a doll in a box and has light hair,

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light brown, and brown eyes and her fingernails were manicured and she looked as if she had just had a bath. She looks as if she is always like this because being so famous she has so many people coming to see her, as if she was a doll in a store window. We saw some of the presents that were sent to her and they filled up the whole back of the limousine, and there was a big sign with thousands of names on it from some American city saying hello to her. She calls her chauffeur her watchdog. She is not fresh, but she is not a bit bashful.

Shirley is a smart girl and very healthy. She has real pink cheeks and her hair is not bleached, or it didn't look bleached. She has a good appetite. As a matter of fact, she has such a good appetite that her mother has to say, "Please don't eat so much or you will get a stomach ache." She had special tomato juice for us. It was yellow, made out of yellow tomatoes, and she said it was very expensive.

She eats like a lady, as she could not afford to eat any other way. It would not do for the gossips to say, "Yesterday, Shirley Temple ate with her spoon in her cup." When Richard dropped his spoon she looked over at him very strict and said, "Here, *this* is the way to put your spoon. Put it in your saucer

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like this." She also is not stingy. She spent her last quarter buying us chewing-gum. And she had a special pocketbook with a square top which she was very fond of. It was the latest thing she had received.

When we came in with her and her mother and Mamma a man stood up at a table where he was eating, and behind him was Simone Simon and James Stewart eating, and bowed to Shirley, and he almost looked as though he was going to kiss her hand. Someone introduced Mamma to him and he said, "How do you do," but he did not bow. When we were going, although we had not stopped very long there, the man who brought us, Michael Jackson, said, "They are the Abbe children," but this man, whose name was Walter Winchell, didn't care so much. He said, sort of cold like, "I know it," but he did not say "How do you do" to us. But we didn't know who he was, even when they said who he was.

Shirley has a big doll house on a table in a room in her bungalow, which is a real house with a kitchen, bedroom, drawing-room and so on and so forth. She has a yard with chickens, rabbits. She told us that we should not pull up a rabbit by its ears. We have since found out this is correct. She also has a Pekin-

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ese dog which she treats very well and wraps it up in a shawl and gives it water. This is very nice of her and shows she likes animals because she could have a lot of other people doing all her chores. She also can speak Chinese which she learned for "Stowaway." She said for us in Chinese, "Are we mice or men?"

Mamma said, "You are a very happy child, aren't you?" and she said, "I'll say!" And she really is happy, but it is a funny thing that she is not bored with so many things to play with. Why, you could fill a department store with her toys, all arranged so neat for her on shelves and so on. Mamma asked her whether she had a petticoat on, but she said she did not wear them all the time.

Shirley has a beautiful home made after the style of a house in Normandy. It is not a fancy house, but very big, with a big white staircase in it and a large drawing room with an oil painting of herself on the wall. When she had her picture taken with us she had to turn her head because her baby tooth was out, and her mother told her to. She obeys very good. She is right next door to Zasu Pitts. We did not see this lady.

Her house has a swimming pool, and I, Patience, am not sure, but about five acres of land. But any-



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way it is a beautiful property fit for a queen, and it goes round and round and down in paths and terraces to a doll house made all of glass with running water. Shirley showed us this running water. This house is just tall enough for a grown-up person to enter. No more. At the back of this doll house are some stables with three ponies and two dogs and one very elegant phaeton. That is what Shirley said it was. It looked like a carriage with two wheels to us. But Shirley has so much she gets mixed up and can't remember the names of her ponies and so on.

Much to my surprise when we went upstairs in the big house which is very rich her room had a dressing-room with it and there was a glass case against the wall and in this glass case I saw a lot of dolls, so I asked her how many, and she said, "Over 300." Then I asked her if she ever played with them and she said, "Oh yes," but everything was so neat you could not imagine the dolls ever coming out of that case. Then she had two doll carriages, not just plain ones, so she ought to have more little girls in her house to help her play. She had twin beds, and Mamma asked her whether she slept in one one night and the other the next night and she said, "Oh no."

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But if I were she I'd do that or I would have someone in to sleep so it would not go to waste.

Shirley Temple's birthday party was on a Saturday afternoon at the Café de Paris at the Twentieth-Century Fox. We came in with Papa in our brand-new car, open, and we came seventy miles from Laguna Beach where we were guests of Aunt Thelma. My hair was fixed in tight braids around my head. It was just an idea of Mamma's. She said everyone else would probably have curls. Johnny and Richard were dressed in their Best and Company clothes which cost twenty cents to clean and one dollar each for the pants to be lengthened. But since they are the best clothes the boys have Mamma did not want to waste them.

When we got to the studio gate a policeman looked us over and saw we were going to Shirley's party, so he let us in. Then another policeman told us where to park the car. Then we parked, and then went into another gate where another policeman and a lady were. The lady looked over the list and saw we were invited. Then we got inside a bus big enough for fifty children and rode one block to the Café de Paris, which is the commissary where the actors and stars eat. The walls of this place are all painted with

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bright colors of stars working in this studio. It is the prettiest commissary of all the studios.

There were 175 children there sitting around three long tables. There were over a hundred grown-up people on the other side who brought the children—mothers, nurses, fathers and so on and so forth. Most of the girls had been to the beauty parlors because their hair was all curled and they were dressed very well, really quite chic. I had on a blue-green voile with a pink sash.

Shirley had on a pink dress, very short, and her hair in curls as usual. She sat at the head of the table with Tommy Chaplin on one side of her and Charlie, Jr., on the other side of her. They weren't fooling as usual, but acting very partyfied. Charlie says Shirley is his girl. We forgot to ask Shirley if this is the case. They had on their military uniforms.

There was a show and clowns made everyone laugh and Bill Robinson, who is a dear friend to Shirley, did some tap dancing. He did this for no money for her birthday. Dixie Willson told a fairy tale but the children didn't all hear it because there were a lot of children.

The mothers kept coming to the table to take the little children out to wee-wee and one boy got up to

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say a speech before the mike but he forgot his speech, even after somebody kept telling him what to say. Another girl said a speech but she did not speak loud enough so she was not heard. Shirley skipped a rope for the company.

There were no fights at all. There would have been if Richard hadn't held Johnny and kept him from socking a guy who busted his balloon. This was the largest birthday party we ever saw and must have cost a lot of money because there was plenty of cake and ice-cream and so on, and each child got a present from Shirley—an autograph book with their name printed on it.

The next biggest party we were to was the one the Paul Girard Smith children gave for us. Forty children came. We had a good time at both.

Mamma says Shirley is one smart girl. She says she is trained very well. But Mamma says she will pay—pay the price of crowds. So it is very good she is rich, because she won't have to ever want for anything, and so won't ever be alone, because she is not used to being alone. But she looks to me, Patience, like a girl who will always know where she gets off at.

Mamma says when you have everything you want and even more than you want, you can't be like ordi-

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nary people. You can't mix with the people so free. You get to be an exhibition which the whole world looks at and so your life is really not your own, and if you try to make it your own, people will go around saying you are peculiar.

Mamma says Shirley is a charming little child, and she hopes she will be all right in the end. And we think the same. We would not like to see her ruined, although she is too young yet to find out. Her mother and father look as though they have some sense. They do not act hysterical or ordinary. They are used to things. Shirley's two brothers are just two brothers of hers, too old for her but still quite young themselves. One brother is interested in Stetson hats, 10 gallons.

Freddie Bartholomew looks exactly like he does on the screen. Handsome in a young boy way. He had long hair, curly, but natural, when he visited us because he was doing a picture with long hair. Of course, he did not care for this long hair at all. He said so. But he is like all actors. They get used to things, because if they don't they just might as well not be actors. He does not act like he does in movies. He acts like a regular guy. He did not come and say, "How do you do," like an actor. He just came

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in with his aunt and said, "Hello," and then began to play with us. You'd expect he might think he was a big shot with all the people who stare at him and so on and so forth. And you might even expect him to start doing imitations of people like some of these other kids. But he made no attempt to do anything like this.

But he knows lots of tricks. Like this: He does three things and we try to find out the word for it. He has a motor bicycle which can go 40 miles an hour. He seems older than twelve years, although he does not look older. Then we went into our kitchen and Charlie and Tommy Chaplin were also there, and after we had eaten awhile, milk and cake, we started throwing paper balls at each other, while Mamma and Aunt Thelma sat in the salon and spoke to his aunt, and had tea. He is very fond of his aunt and gave her a pat on the back once in awhile.

We were shooting cap-guns and Freddie slammed us in and we slammed back. This was in our bedroom. The Chaplin boys were on Freddie's side, three against us three. This time they did not call up on the telephone from the desk downstairs on account of the noise because they knew Freddie and the Chaplin boys were in our apartment. So you see



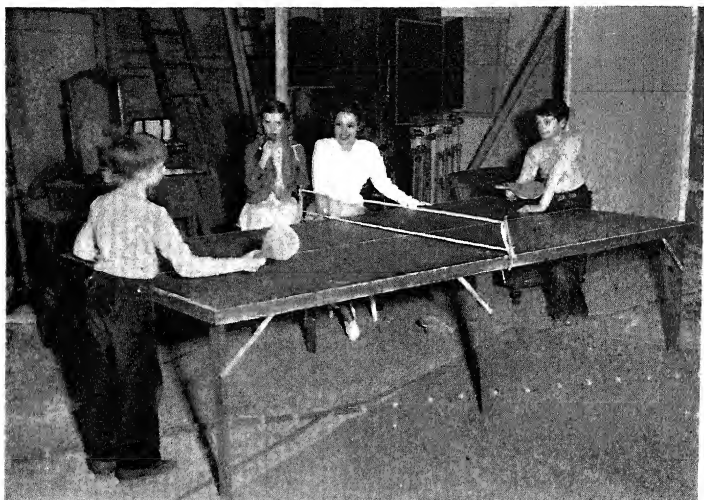
*Photo by Stacs, Hal Roach Studios*

Ben Bernie and Patsy Kelly



*Photo by Stacs, Hal Roach Studios*

Lyda Roberti seems to be a happy person



*Photo Herbert Dallinger, Universal Studios*

Judith Barrett watching Johnny and Richard at play on a  
Universal set



*Photo by Stacks, Hal Roach Studios*

This is Rosina Lawrence, who used her character to make her well



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there are some advantages in being a boy star and the sons of a movie star.

Freddie's Aunt Millicent said they are very busy paying lawyers because Freddie's mother and father and all their relatives came over and got lawyers, and then Freddie had to have lawyers, so they are busy paying all these lawyers. So you see being a boy star is sometimes not as peaceful as it seems, so she does not think Freddie can go to Eton. His aunt said she knocked on all the doors of London with Freddie and no one thought he was any good, and then she brought him here and after "David Copperfield" even here they weren't bothered much until his Aunt Millicent was going back to England, very discouraged. Then they started after Freddie, and we have heard that this happens all the time out here. Freddie looks as though he would do anything once, but not *everything* twice.

Jack Oakie is a man who is only fat in the face. He is the great favorite of all children. We saw him when we were at the circus. He came in all alone and waved to the children, who called to him. You can see why children would like him, coming all alone to the circus. This shows he likes what children like as well as things in his own class.

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When we went to see him at his broadcast called "Jack Oakie's College," he said, "Come in, children," so we went into his dressing-room. He chews gum. We would have liked to have told him about bubble gum which is one penny a package of one. John Boles and Norma Talmadge's husband were there. We sat in the wings while he was broadcasting and he made faces at us, although the audience did not know who he was doing this to, and he autographed my (Patience's) book and gave me his script autographed. He acts just like himself, and anyone can see he is not ruined.

Pauline Swanson let us in a lot of stage doors to these broadcasts, and once we even sat in the control room when Gracie Allen and George Burns were broadcasting. We think this is lots of fun broadcasting. You rehearse only once, so you won't be stale, a few hours before with everybody who is on, and then you sit on the stage and people come in and sit in the orchestra, and they tell the people if they should not clap their hands, but they say, "You can always laugh," and a man goes around on tiptoes and puts out his hand to the audience if they are stopping the show with laughing or clapping.

There are always autograph collectors at the stage

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door, and the stars always write their names, even saying something, like, "Good luck," or "Good wishes," because these people are wishing them the same.

Gracie Allen is beautiful and very little. She said, "Oh, I know, you thought I was Mr. Burns." What a kidder she is! She had a blue dress on with long strings hanging down, and her feet are very small. She has beautiful teeth which are not false. Mr. Burns wears eyeglasses and smokes a big cigar. They are clever people, even though they act like lunatics, but this is the way they are clever. They make people laugh long and hard, so they do good to people.

It must be hard to be funny when you are supposed to. They don't make you think they are working hard. They just are funny, although Mr. Burns does not look as though he is funny in natural life. He looks very serious. Gracie Allen looks as though she is funny, though, in real life as well as otherwise. But she does not look as though she is anybody's fool.

Alice Faye came in looking for Tony Martin, who was singing on this air. She is pretty with hair that does not look bleached. It was just probably made a little lighter. She had a hat on with a veil over her eyes, and this made her look very young. She is thin.

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Tony Martin sings very well and has rather dark eyes. It is much easier to work on the radio than in pictures. On the radio you understand what time is, how even seconds count, and it is wonderful to notice how the air is divided into seconds, minutes, fifteen minutes and half-hours.

Bing Crosby. What a man! Like a nice farmer and his eyes are very blue and beautiful, and the back of his head is nice. Sort of young. He goes around with a pencil stuck away back of his ear. Only the point holds in on to his ear. He goes around dancing while he is rehearsing, and no one could help liking this man. He can speak big words without getting mixed up. They may call him a crooner, but so far as we are concerned he is a fine man.

Sophie Tucker is what they call a "hot Mamma." This means that she sings in a way all her own. She has invented this way of singing herself. This does not mean that she is tough. It means that she can sing in theaters that are bigger than other theaters with what they call IT. She is a very nice lady, very polite, and they say, very lovable. She sings to the people for the people.

Joe Penner is not tall, and wears very good clothes, well pressed. He has a certain way of talking in his

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throat that gets people. It is a funny thing what gets people. Richard and Johnny had an argument when we were having our picture with Joe Penner, and they began pushing, but Joe Penner only smiled and let them push. He did not say the boys were acting rude, which they were, though. You would have thought that Joe Penner getting pushed around like that he would have got mad, but he didn't.

Bob Burns is one lovely man. He talks just like he does on the radio. He is not handsome, but looks like a good man, very kind. He is tall with curly hair, and really comes from Arkansas. He is getting quite rich being just himself.

Martha Raye has beautiful eyes. The price of her mouth is that she has to take a lot of insults about it, although this is all in fun. When her mouth is closed it does not look so big, but she can make it very big when she opens it. She doesn't have to worry about her mouth because it is making her rich, as things go in Hollywood. If she didn't have this mouth, she probably would not have got her chance. So you see you never can tell what makes you get ahead in Hollywood. Sometimes it's this and sometimes it's that. But it is always something.

And sometimes it is something you would never

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expect. It is like two men I, Richard, know of. Once Mamma was down to a show with George Gruskin and Vicky and a man who works on some air outfit. He said when he saw these two on the stage, "Now there are two of the best performers in Hollywood, and can they get a job? No." So then when we went to see Jack Oakie, Mamma said "Hello" to these men, and they said, "My God, how are you!" and they were on the air with Jack Oakie, and Mamma asked if they were on for long, and George said, "Yes, as long as they remain funny." So we hope they are still being funny. They seemed very funny to us. That is the way it is in Hollywood. Some of the best people have to sweat blood, while some of the worst people are getting along. But they say that even these worst people had to sweat blood too. You can be put in the ashcan any time, unless you always know where you are getting off at.

### *Chapter XIII*

WHEN WE GOT HERE IN Hollywood, we had to go to an agent's office. This man was quite interested in us because John Krimsky and Jerry Krimsky were going to have us do this picture called "High Wind in Jamaica." We would have liked to do this, although it is a cruel story, but it would not have been so cruel after Hollywood had fixed it up, because they say the people who look at pictures like to cry and laugh, but they do not like to think. This is not true, at all. People read books where they have to think, and like it.

So this man told Mamma that some other man was putting Richard Abbe on all the studios' necks, and Mamma got very mad and said, "Oh, is that so. I won't stand for this." So he fixed it so this man would not know where we lived, and told people we were not on anybody's neck. The idea! But he

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said, "I am taking you up to Universal." So Mamma said, "What for?" and he said, "Just the routine." So we went up there with him. We had an appointment with a man who kept us waiting twenty minutes, so we went out and bought ice-cream, apples and the funnies. There were a lot of sissy children, about three, two girls and one boy, all dressed up so neat, in curls and their dresses up to their derrières, and their hair combed very neat, and they were waiting to see if they had a job.

So when we went into this man's office he was listening to the baseball score, and didn't ask us to sit down, even Mamma, so we sat down anyway and read the funnies. So the man with us showed this other man a copy of our book, and Mamma thought this was not right at all, but she couldn't say anything, although she thought it was silly for us to be up there with our book. It seemed silly to us too.

So this man said, "Oh yeah," and he meant he knew our book, but we do not believe he had ever seen it before. So he said to us, "Do you like to act?" and we said, "No." So then we went home.

And this man did not know he had no manners because he got some after awhile. He looked as though he could be a very rude man if he wanted



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to be or if he thought he had someone in his office who was nobody. He said when we were leaving to Mamma, "You have very smart children," and Mamma said he was more polite when we left because he did not know if we were somebody or nobody.

This did not bother us, because we do not think we are somebody or nobody. We don't think like that. We think we are three people trying to get along, and getting older every day and taller. Besides if you were always thinking whether you were somebody or nobody, where would you have time to do all the things there are to do, like having a good time, and so on and so forth.

So this man who was acting as an agent was quite jolly but acting very busy about things about us that did not seem at all busy to us. And Mamma was always saying she would not have us peddled, and he said, "You are not being peddled. This is the way things are done out here, and you can never tell. Today they want you and tomorrow they don't, or vice versa."

So in a few days he called Mamma and said Warner Brothers wanted to make a movie test of us for this very same "High Wind in Jamaica." So a young

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man with a beautiful face, called Roland Leigh, a writer and a very thin person, called us and he had us come up to his house which he was decorating in Beverly Hills. His cook called us to see what we wanted for lunch. Roland Leigh acted like an aristocrat, like they do in Europe or down South where you are a guest and they treat you like one. So we had lamb chops, our favorite food, and he was a friend of Freddie Bartholomew's. Then he gave us the scripts which we had to take home and study and that night Vicky came up and sat on the floor with us and showed us how to cry and so on and so forth. But Vicky half the time was holding her head in her hands with nervousness, because we were not being very good actors. But then we went up again to Roland Leigh's with Vicky in his limousine which he sent down with the chauffeur, and after awhile we learned the script, but Johnny was very hard to learn. Johnny always forgets cues on broadcasts also. So Roland Leigh called up and said, "The children are satisfactory."

So the next day we went over to Warner's about costumes, and we went to the wardrobe room and no one had 1850 costumes, so we went down to the Western Costume Company and looked in a book

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and got the nearest to the picture we could find. No one came with us but Mamma, although we thought they had people to do this. But you have to use your own judgment in a case like this. It was very funny, but the Western Costuming people had had a telephone call, anyway.

So we picked out a traveling dress of 1850 and a drawing-room dress, and a little parasol and a beautiful little hat and two very fine costumes for Johnny and Richard. They looked as though they had just stepped out of a book, but they felt foolish. But we were taking a chance because everyone said it would be a shame if we had a chance to make more money and we would not do it, and besides Mamma said it would be interesting, and we thought it might be also.

But it is funny that people always talk money, not that it would be a work of art or something well done. It all comes down to money. And when it is a work of art, they still say, it did not make any money, or it didn't make any money for some time, but it finally did. So don't think for one moment people in Hollywood are working for art. Like someone told Mamma that a certain man here gambles and is the biggest gambler here, but he

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gambles only on what he believes will make money. What he means is that when they decide to do a work of art they write and say it is a work of art because it is supposed to be a work of art, and everybody knows it is supposed to be a work of art, and so they go to see it and the more people go to see it the more the money goes in.

So the next day we went over to Warner's and somebody took us to a dressing-room, which was just a bare room with a shelf and a mirror. We got into these costumes and the make-up man said we did not need any make-up, and we were glad of that because we did not like the idea of having this brown grease on our faces. They don't make up children very much anyway. Children don't have wrinkles and black rings under their eyes, or warts.

So we went over to set 6 and they were all there, a little crowd of electricians, and camera men and the director, Mr. Keighley. They had barrels and blankets on the floor and we were supposed to be in the hatch of a schooner where the pirates had put us after we were captured. We were not supposed to know whether these men were pirates or not, but all we knew was that they had thrown us down in

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this hatch, and there was something peculiar and unusual about it all, and we were out to sea.

So we lay down on these rags in our traveling costumes and Richard sits up and says—after they said, “Camera,” “Quiet,”—“I don’t like this bed.” And I, Patience, say, “Ssh!” I was supposed to realize there was something very mysterious about all this, but I would not allow Richard to think it was. I was supposed to be the master mind. Johnny then says, “Oh! I forgot to say my prayers!” And I say, “Ssh!” And Richard says, “Do you suppose these people are pirates?” And I say they are “pilots,” and so on and so forth. We did the lines and they said, “Cut,” and we did them again, much more than what we say now, all by heart, and we did them again, and it was cut, camera, repeat, and Mr. Keighley said, “Do it this way, and do it that way,” and then he said to Mamma, “Can’t you have them say the lines like children and not so much like grown-ups?” We did not think we were speaking like grown-ups at all, but we then did the lines like Vicky said we should, but we were very careful not to talk like sissies.

Then they said we could go to lunch. So we went to lunch and this place was full of movie actors and

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all the people working there outside of the movie czars who were eating in a private dining-room. Then a woman came over and said, "Who are those children?" So Mamma told her, so she said she would be right over on the set after lunch. So she came over and made me, Patience, very mad, so I did not feel interested in speaking the lines. So Mamma and Vicky took me over to a corner and said, "Could you speak the lines like this?" and I did not answer. So Vicky put her head in her hands and if she was not a calm girl she would have got hysterical. And Mamma said, "Well, it doesn't matter then." And Richard and Johnny said, "You are not being a good sport." "You are a bad sport." So I then said I would do the lines.

But this woman made me mad because she said, "You know they throw children right off the set when they act temperamental and most directors don't like children, anyway." And just because she said that I decided to be like that. She made Mamma mad too and Vicky and Mamma asked Mr. Keighley who this woman was and he said she was the school-teacher and had to be on the set with children. So then I did it again but I could not feel interested, because if directors don't like children it was very

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foolish for us to be there at all. So then we did it over and over, but no one there, while they were very polite, seemed to be very friendly. It was all business and, of course, this was necessary because they had to have the set for Max Reinhardt at a certain time. But some men, like Bill Robson, when we were doing the broadcasts with Admiral Byrd, know how to be with children and not make them feel so cold. We never once felt like laughing or smiling, so then we felt very cold and bored.

When we did the test for John Krimsky and Jerry in New York we realized it was a case of life and death so we did our best because we were working together. You cannot be interested in people who are not interested in you, but are doing things just because they have to. And a child does not feel interested with people who do not like children.

So the test was in the can, and we went home, and nobody sent for our car, so we had to go and get it ourselves. It was a studio car. So it is like that in the studios, everybody for himself, or some special person looking out for you in case you are apt to get mixed up in the push and get overlooked. If you have something they want which means money, then you are well taken care of, but while you are

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on trial you might just as well take care of yourself.

The school-teacher took us over to see Billy Maugh playing in a gun man picture. He was there with his brother and a lot of other kids with their mothers sitting around. The school-teacher kept saying about the big chance, the big chance, until Mamma whispered to herself, "Oh, nerts! Go jump in the lake, toots." That is the way Mamma felt, and we do not blame her. The school-teacher was being very nice to us because she also did not know whether we were somebody or about to be somebody.

So Mamma said, "Well, children, we are seeing the movies, so we put our feelings in our pockets, hold on to our hearts and wear armor." And Mamma said, "Keep this in mind, we do not give a hang if we do a movie or not, because once you give a hang you are lost, and things are never the same after that." So we were not worried. We did not intend to break our hearts, because we did not see why we should break our hearts. Nobody was dying or anything like that and besides, this was the first new place we had ever been in where we had enough money to get along on, without starting to worry right away how we were going to get along.

So we went home and went to school. So a week



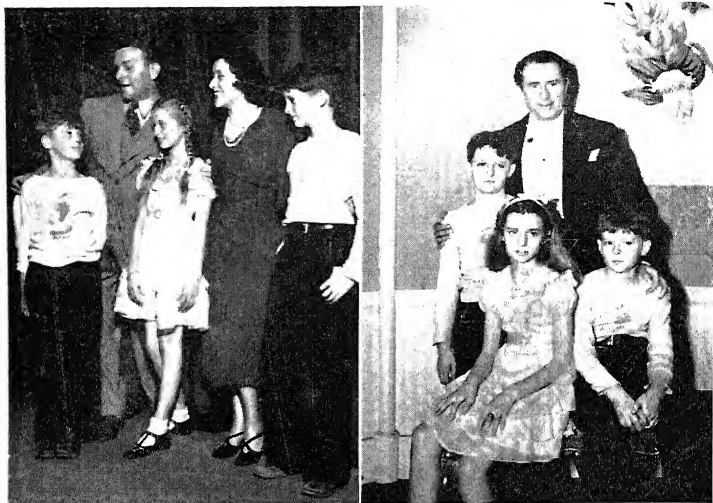


*Photo courtesy M-G-M Studios*

We had sauerkraut and frankfurters and lemonade for lunch.  
Freddie Bartholomew is in the middle



(1) Jack Oakie is one of our special favorites. (2) Joe Penner  
was very good at autographing



(1) Burns and Allen with Johnny, Patience and Richard. (2)  
Reginald Owen and the Abbe children



You can see what a good time we had with Bob Burns, Marion  
Claire, Sophie Tucker and Bing Crosby

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went into two weeks and then into three weeks and then the man who had arranged all this called Mamma and said he had to send Warner's a telegram to get the answer. So the answer was that one man liked everything and then the man a little higher up liked us, but not the story, and so the answer was no. And so a telegram had to be sent in the same town for this answer, and it took three weeks. So you see if we were the worrying kind we could have gone crazy. Supposing we were waiting for the answer to be yes, and only had enough money to last until they said yes, and then they said no. But this can happen and it does happen, and that is why people get discouraged. So that you should not come to Hollywood without money. It doesn't pay. It makes you discouraged and tries to teach you whether you are somebody or nobody, which does not happen in other places. You sort of go along in other places just trying to get along and nothing is unusual, so you don't worry so much.

Then Mamma wanted to see the test, but she did not get to see it. Then the man who was doing all this for us said all the studios were asking to see this test, so Warner's began to think they ought to think this over. So they sent the test to Mr. Jack Warner

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in New York, and Mamma did not yet see the test. So three more weeks went by and no answer. Then after this man who was taking care of us called and called, finally the answer was no, because Mr. Jack Warner did not like us. So finally the answer was no all around. You can imagine what could have happened to us if we had hearts that could be broken about things like this.

Then Mamma said she really wanted to see the test, so they said, all right. So we all went over with the man who was taking care of us to an office of the man who liked the whole idea of us at first, and this man came out to speak to his secretary and he spoke to the man with us, and we were sitting there and he did not speak to us. So this man with us said, "Just because you turned the proposition down you don't have to stop acting like a gentleman." So this man then said, "How do you do, Mrs. Abbe." So we just looked. You have to expect the good and the bad. Some people are gentlemen because they are and some are gentlemen because it pays. And some people act so busy they forget.

So Mamma told this man of ours to tell Warner Brothers to jump in the lake and put the test in the ashcan, because she did not like the test. The pho-

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tography, Mamma said, was very bad, and Patience had a big shadow on her face when Johnny sat up. But they say those things do not matter in tests anyway, although if Papa had done it it would have been better. So this man who was doing things for us told Mamma to tell Warner Bros. to jump in the lake herself. But Mamma did not. She said it would be like spitting in the ocean. Nobody would notice it.

## *Chapter XIV*

MAMMA DID NOT LIKE Hollywood because she said it was all a lot of buying and selling and she wrote New York that we were not going to stay. But then people said to Mamma, "Why, you would have a fit if you did not make some money here," and Mamma said, "I don't think we ought to stay, anyway, because it always looks as though we are peddling ourselves, and we do not want to be peddled."

So then when Mamma felt things were all very silly indeed she would call up Aunt Enid Gracey and her son Yale—they have a swimming pool in Beverly Hills—and she and Yale would take us for a ride to the Mojave Desert and we would pick cactus and we would go here and there and to Padua Hills and feel we had got away from it all. Everybody we met said, "Why are you not in the movies?" "When are

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you doing 'High Wind'?" "Why, they are crazy not to have you all in movies!"

We did not feel like this at all, but things like this are in the air out here. Once you have your name in the paper a lot of people expect you to do a movie right away. But all this got Mamma very mixed up and she then said, "Dixie Willson once wrote a story called 'God Gave Me Twenty Cents.' Well, instead of God giving me twenty cents someone is trying to give me an idea that Hollywood might give me twenty thousand dollars. But don't worry, everybody gets this way. It gets you excited when you think you are getting it and then don't get it."

And Mamma was not to blame. It was all the people who thought we were worth Hollywood money and talked her into it, thinking they also would make some money. You can't sit in Hollywood and have people talk to you like that without getting to see things their way for awhile until you go off and think, and then go about what you started out to do. If you are a philosopher you can come to Hollywood and go away the same way you came. Otherwise you are not the same person you were before you came here.

It is a very good place to come to to find out just

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what kind of a person you are. Some people say, "Do YOU think I would let a little town like this get MY goat? I should say not." So they stay and it gets their goat. Some other people say, "This town gets my goat," and they leave. Some other people stay and get broken-hearted always hoping tomorrow will be better. And sometimes it is. And some of the people who don't bother about all this get mixed up in it because they rent their houses out, also to make money, and then they complain that movie people destroy their property. So you see everyone is mixed up in it. The people who have nothing to do with movies are always mixed up with them somehow, because movie people are guests of honor at this and that. So you see why everyone could not help being famous in Hollywood. Why, people say that when they go East everyone says, "Oh, you live in Hollywood? Gee." So you can understand now why this is so.

Between times Mamma was getting letters from this agent and that about how this or that was going to be interesting for us because someone was interested in us and so forth. And Mamma never asked these people at all. Then this man who had been taking us to Warner's and Universal said he would



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like to take us to Selznick's, and he said to Mamma we ought to do this. So Mamma starts going with this man again and we went over to Selznick's.

It was for Richard to do Tom Sawyer. So we went into David Selznick's office. When he saw Mamma he got up from his desk and came over and shook hands. The best thing he had in his office were long matches about one foot long at the fireplace, with a couple of cushion couches to sit on and one desk. So he laid his cards on the table and said we were not suited to him, and there was no carrying on for seven weeks with him. You could do business with him because he would say yes or no right then and there. He was a tall, dark man, and sounded educated.

Then after that this man who was taking us around to Selznick's, Warner's and Universal, called up and said we really ought to go over to RKO because they wanted a boy. But Mamma said, where Richard goes, so do the others. So we all went over to see Al Lewis. Mamma said, "I am crazy to do this, after I said I would not go with you to another studio." But we went anyway. We did not want to go either.

Al Lewis was a nice man and when he saw Richard

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he said, "This looks like our boy," and he let us play marbles on his office floor, and he seemed to act as though he thought we were real nice people for ourselves alone. So did another man who came in. Then a woman came in who took us right out and got us some tea in the commissary. She paid for it herself. And she took us in to see the French picture that Anton Litvak had made in Paris so we could see what this boy was supposed to do. He was crying and acting down in the mouth about a soldier who was dead or something.

This woman seemed a little cold, although at times she got a little warmer. She called people darling over the telephone, but it did not sound right. She said, "This town is full of broken hearts." She did not say this as though she was sorry, but like as though she was used to it.

So she said we should come back tomorrow to see Anton Litvak. So after school we went back to see Anton Litvak, a blond man, who did not say one word, but smiled at all of us as though he was busy and was looking at us in between. So Anton Litvak seemed to like Johnny and was smiling at him while Johnny was reading his funnies. But Al Lewis was

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smiling at Richard all the time. He preferred Richard.

So this woman gave us some scripts to memorize over night, although this could not be done because we had school to go to. But we remembered it as best we could and then went back for the test. So we got there and this was getting boring, going back and forth. But don't think for one moment that this is unusual. This was for Paul Muni's picture, "Escadrille."

So we arrived at 3:30 P.M., after school, and this woman was not ready, so we went ourselves to the commissary and had our own tea, and we met Mrs. Rogers, and she told Ginger Rogers we were there and Ginger then came in to see us for awhile. We sat and sat and had ice-cream cones and bought more funnies and then Mamma said this was silly to be waiting all this time, so we went back to Mr. Lewis' office, but met him on the way, and he was acting very annoyed and said, "What are they doing with you?" and Mamma said, "Exactly nothing since one hour and a half, so I think we better go home," and Mr. Lewis said he thought so, since it is very bad to have children around after 5:30. It is against the law.

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Then this woman came up and said, "We are so sorry, but we have no camera man ready, so we shall have to make the test tomorrow." But Mamma said to us, "We are not coming back for any more of this monkey business." So this woman said again, "We are very sorry. Good-bye." She arranged after another half an hour to get a studio car to take us home.

She did not know that we were not going over there again, and it turned out anyway they were not going to make the test anyway. It was too much trouble, I guess, and anyway you certainly don't have to break your neck getting child actors out here. We were very glad anyway, because Johnny and I, Richard, do not want to be actors anyway.

So after this we decided that the only way to be in Hollywood is very chic, and never look for a job unless you have to. Johnny and I, Richard, would like to have a paper route in Hollywood. I, Patience, would like to raise dogs and put them in the shows and sell them.

We got a clipping for our scrap-book and it said a certain lady here would shudder to have me, Patience, for a daughter. This clipping was talking about a lady actress and they said Richard, Johnny and I looked straight over the head of a very funny

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man we love (who wasn't even there) and didn't pay any attention to how funny he was. It also said I, Patience, looked like an "Emaciated Alice in Wonderland."

According to the Thorndike Century Junior Dictionary "emaciated" means "thin from losing flesh." I am thin because I was born that way, and not because I have been dieting. And if this lady thought we were bored with the other funny man who *was* really there, we were not, but we were bored with her writing like that because it was not the truth. If this lady and we got talking to each other we would probably change our opinion of each other, and we would find out that she was bored with something when she looked at us, and so therefore thought we were boring too. But even if she thought us a bore when we met her it still would not be right for her to say we were bored with someone we were not bored with.

We saw Roland Young going out in his car with his chauffeur. He looked very sad and serious. So we said so. But Mamma said, "Why, no, he is not a sad man at all. He is a very distinguished comedian on the stage and screen and has a lot of brains." This

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goes to show you what you might think of people when you don't meet them. And this goes to show that you should always meet people before you begin passing remarks.

But then sometimes people meet you and they make up remarks. Like we went to a certain place and these people who are the publicity department looked us over and then wrote and sent out to the papers saying, Patience, Richard and Johnny, famous on account of so-and-so, refused to take a screen test as they thought it was below their dignity. This was a low-down lie. So the man who put it in his column wrote this in it, and he did not know they made it up. And so that is the way people get talked about, and they are innocent people going about their business.

We also found out too that in certain studios it was hard to get in, although we did get in in the end (and Mamma did not know about this at all) because they thought we would say things about them that were not nice. But no one says things about people if they are nice, so these certain people must have thought they were not nice themselves, otherwise they would not have had any doubt. So that is why we did not get tickets for one première although we

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asked three weeks in advance and in plenty of time. These same people when we wanted to go back to the studio kept saying, "Call up in two weeks, call up the middle of next week," until Mamma said, "We have finished calling up that studio."

## *Chapter XV*

IN SOME WAYS IT IS VERY dangerous to be famous, not that we think we are so famous. When we got our new car Papa was sitting in it waiting for us and a girl in our school came along and sneered at Papa and stuck her head up in the air and said, "Patience Abbe, phooey." Well, I, Patience, am going to have a talk with her, and if she thinks she can get fresh with me like that, well, she can't. We didn't go around telling everybody in the school we wrote a book. They just found out, and even then we were very quiet and calm and did not show off. And so since we did not show off, this girl will have to pay for this remark.

And even a teacher, not Miss Hess and not Mrs. Wagner and not Miss Floyd, said this. Richard had a bet with a girl that he saw more European countries than she did. The bet was for fifty cents. So



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this girl proved it and won the fifty cents. So Richard was checking it up and this teacher said, "Do you think you have been the only one who has seen Europe?" And Richard was not thinking of it in the way this teacher was, and she had to spoil the whole thing by making Richard appear to be showing off, when he was not at all.

One girl friend in our school said that I, Patience, was very lucky because I have the opportunity to meet all the stars and go so many places that other children do not go to. When I asked her what did she think of the stars she said they were human beings with personality and very, very lucky, with nice dispositions. All the children think this, especially the lucky part.

Her father is a cab-driver who was once in pictures and is now in pictures once in awhile. Her mother made 100 dollars a day once being a waitress at a very swell hotel with the largest golf course in the world. Her mother just quit work being a cook in a restaurant because she said it wasn't worth while. I don't think her mother thinks this way, but it is not unusual to be a cook in a restaurant one day and working in pictures the next. Hollywood is like that. They don't ask for a pedigree when they take

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you on. Of course, if you happen to have one, they don't ignore it. And if they think it would do you good to say you were once a cook, they do this too.

Everybody says, "How do these people live?" And so you get to think, "Why, if everyone wants to know this, these people could be like the man who owns the Japanese house, although he is not Japanese, at Santa Monica. He lets people in certain days of the week and keeps the other days for himself. So in this way all those who are so anxious to know can find out, and they could go in tourists parties on vacations and so on."

When you get to know these people you don't think about how they live at all. They all live in houses, all very rich and all different, according to the way they look at things. If they are dainty they have dainty houses. If they are very high class they have high class houses. If they are horsy people they have ranch houses, very comfortable with stables and outdoor amusements. And they live like people who are used to things, just like anybody else with money who is used to it.

Everyone in California lives in his own house because he likes that house, so everyone is satisfied. You can imagine when you see the stars how their houses



*Photo by John Miehle. © 1937, RKO Radio Pictures, Inc.*

This is where Ginger Rogers said I, Richard, was her feller.



*Photo by James E. Abbe*

Warren William was about to go to work, but he came back to  
have the barbecue



*Photo by Stacs, Hal Roach Studios*

This is Director Norman McLeod who did "Alice in Wonderland"



Cary Grant with the youthful authors of "Around the World in Eleven Years"

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look. Charlie Chaplin of course lives in a mansion, and by looking at him you would not imagine this, but, just the same, everyone knows he is very, very rich, and therefore could imagine him in a mansion.

For instance, Warren William. He looks handsome and educated. So his house is like this, with a ship's cabin upstairs. He has a truck, a tennis court and a swimming pool, plain, comfortable, and large with a house beside it to sit down in on comfortable chairs. He has also a tree in his yard 950 years old, and has dog kennels with wire-hairs in them. He walks through his garden, all cultivated by Mrs. William, a blond, refined lady, and he smokes his pipe while he is talking to his guest, and he looks like a man in a country house in England. Used to it, dressed in tweeds, and feeling comfortable, and not looking down on anybody.

Mamma raved about this house and said it was like a New England house, to Mrs. William's face, just as though Mamma wasn't used to anything. But Mamma said she raved because she thought it was worth raving about. Mamma has been in other rich houses, but she did not rave because she did not feel like it.

Mrs. Warren William's boudoir is chic. Very

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French. Blue walls with carnation red curtains. Her dressing-room is all mirrors, even on the ceiling, so that you would never dare get fat in this dressing-room because you'd see yourself from all sides to remind you. Her bathroom is pink and her bathtub is very delicate and half size made for beautiful people. It is the sort of a place that a Marquise would prefer.

We were over to a house once which was like a castle on a hill. Not like Mr. Hearst's castle, but a small castle, and frogs were croaking in the pool and inside were pink bathrooms and yellow carpet. Very magnificent. So you see here you can find every kind of a house from castles to bungalows, and they are all very nice, and suit the people who live in them. If they don't match the people who live in them, just the same, the people think they do, so it is the same thing in the end.

Nobody who is anybody here would be without a swimming pool. Besides, swimming pools were first invented probably on account of the climate out here, which is mostly warm, and perhaps too many people were looking at these people on the beaches and seeing them as they are and passing remarks. If these people have private swims they can bathe nude like in Russia and keep their bathing suits all nice

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and new for when the photographers come to take their pictures.

Mary Young took us in her car up to Mrs. Jule Powell's house where she had a cowboy band up and had ice-cream in the shape of hearts. Her son, who is the son of William Powell, gave us a card to the Hollywood Athletic Club, and we also went ice skating with him. They are nice people. His mother was William Powell's first wife. A man said Mary Young is a very remarkable woman. She runs a theater in Boston and has thousands of friends. She talks like a lady who lives and lets live.

Cary Grant is one wonderful man with black, black eyes and gorgeous teeth. They are like pearls. He does not look like a sissy. He and I, Richard, have a bet, one dollar in the bank, 50 cents for me and 50 cents for him, that I won't get married in fifteen years. He thinks I will, but I say I won't. It is my intention never to get married, because it is too much trouble and you cannot go off without your wife telling you can or not. So if I am not married in fifteen years I get Cary Grant's fifty cents with interest. This will be very funny in fifteen years because if I should meet some girl that I thought was worth giving up all my freedom for, so I couldn't

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go anywhere without dragging her along, then I could say, "Well, I'm sorry, but I can't marry you because then I would have to pay Cary Grant 50 cents with interest." This bet is one good way of keeping me to my intention.

To show you that being a movie star is not as free as you think, we were talking about going to China with a trailer and so we said for Cary Grant to go with us, and he said he would love to go, and he really meant it, but then he said he could only get off for three months, otherwise he certainly would come with us. And don't think for one moment he was just making conversation with us. He was really very interested in us as we were in him. He looks as though he could be a pal.

And another person who looks as though he could be a pal to a child is Norman McLeod. He was the man who made "Alice in Wonderland," and any man who is interested in dreamy things like "Alice" and also a thing that is clever besides, and is a man who could be interested in doing fairy tales is a man we could adore. Because a grown-up would have to be different to be grown up and still like fairy tales. It shows that he is interested in making the people a little happier by looking at things they might be



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dreaming about one day when they were in the mood for dreaming.

Constance Bennett is a dainty lady with long gold hair down on her neck. She was dressed in a white dress with diamonds all over it so that it shone under the lamps. She had an ermine cape on. We had hot chocolate and cakes which she bought for us in her dressing-room. She has a dog named Sandy which is beige color with his coat all marcelled. It was not marcelled by the hairdresser, but natural. A very remarkable dog that will be friendly with you but only loves Constance Bennett. He is a one man dog. He never made a sound on the set while Miss Bennett was acting. Just sat there and looked.

Constance Bennett is expert on making tapestry and is sending me, Patience, one to make also. She is a beautiful lady and looks very elegant. I like her best of all, with the exception of a few others. She looks like a lady who belongs in silks and satins and elegant perfumes and flowers all around. She said we could go riding with her son on a Western saddle, English or one other kind of a saddle. This looks as though here is one lady who knows how to live. She did not seem very conceited because when she went in front of the camera they said she needed

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to have her hair fixed, so she called her maid. She looked all right to me, but somebody saw one hair out, which might have spoiled her beauty in the camera.

Somebody said Constance Bennett was very temperamental and somebody else said temperamental is a high-class way of saying somebody is very fussy. But this was long before we met Constance Bennett so we expected her to look down on us when we met her. But when we saw her she wasn't looking down on anybody. She was sitting very quiet making tapestry on the set like a Princess in a garden with a white shiny dress on, and when she saw us she was a real human being and we watched her to see if she was fussy when nobody was looking, but she was still the same, so we do not believe this about her. We are very fond of her.

On Constance Bennett's set we saw a gorgeous automobile all smashed up, turned over on its side and with big holes in the side, and they said the man who owns the car when he saw it nearly broke his heart. And we could hardly believe our eyes. The car wasn't smashed at all. The holes were painted on.

Alan Mowbray is a tall man with brown eyes with

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a wife who is very chic and two children, both girls. He just came from two funerals when we met him. He is a very, very jolly man and has a lovely speaking voice. He is English. Mamma says he is a very charming man. She met him again with Roland Young, who Mamma says is also charming and while they were drinking sherry Mamma found out that Alan Mowbray had been an aviator. Mamma says Alan Mowbray told her all about his house, which we are going up to. It has a high wall all around it so he could be anywhere by himself behind this wall. He also will have a swimming pool, and it costs a lot of money to water his plants. He has his own car which is open while his wife has a closed one, so that the whole family is satisfied.

Alan Mowbray is a man who is not selfish with his swimming pool. We won a lot of money diving for pennies and nickels in his pool. He has a piano which is autographed all over it with famous names. This is a red piano in the billiard-room. His house is surrounded by a wall like a house in France and they live in this house like human beings.

When you think of what kind of houses you expect Hollywood people to live in, generally they are what you expect. But Wallace Beery's house is not.

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We don't know him, but we pass his house lots of times. His house is on a corner and has white walls around it except in front. These walls have beautiful pink roses on them, and there is a little balcony on this white house with blue-green vases on it. In front of the house, where handsome cars are always parked, are big thick bushes of flowers, white, called baby's breath. This is a dainty house all white and delicate. You naturally would not expect Wallace Beery to be in a dainty house. You'd expect him to be in a long wooden log house full of guns and horses and so on. Just the same we think this house he is in is gorgeous.

You are certainly somebody when you have a swimming pool in Hollywood. But it is the way things go that when you have a swimming pool and all the comforts of luxury that all sorts of people will come to your door. The good and the bad and the human beings and the trash. And so when you have money you have to make up your mind to spend money on the people that come to your door and sometimes these people are not worth while. But by having all these people and spending money to give them Scotch and soda and spending 20 dollars a month to sterilize the swimming pool you get to



Patience, Richard and Johnny at Patricia Mowbray's Birthday Party



In the Mowbray pool. Patricia Mowbray is holding a cane



*Photo by Stacs, Hal Roach Studios*

This is Constance Bennett's dog, Sandy, who cares only for her



*Photo by James E. Abbe*

Alan Mowbray at his daughter Patricia's party

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know what is worth bothering about. And so if you don't know what is worth bothering about you are that sort of a person.

Bradley King has a swimming pool in front of a patio. This patio has a very good style. A place for polite guests. She seemed to think we were worth while because she is one of the people in Hollywood who would be willing to have you come again. She thought Mamma was quite special, because she almost had blue satin covers on her bed for Mamma to see when we went up there the first time. She said she almost was going to do it. She killed nine chickens for our supper. Her husband, named Jud Boyd, is a healthy man who takes you for what you are. No more and no less.

Papa says you are apt to meet anyone in Hollywood. And so we met Gilda Gray, a very famous lady who likes us, as we like her. She used to know us in the old days. So then we met Lynn Bari—and who does she turn out to be but Peggy, daughter of Marge Betzer, whose husband is a minister, and she was an old friend of Papa's youth in Lynchburg, Va. So Hollywood is apt to have you meet your childhood friends and even old-time people of Moscow and so on.

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Although Papa is not old it is thirty-nine years since he saw his boyhood friend Ernest Williamson, and since everybody is famous here he naturally turned out to be famous too. He has two daughters now and not just the one who went down under the sea with him in a tube with his wife Lila. This girl is Sylvia. The other one is Aneke. And to show you how extraordinary things can be, Papa's children, who are us, and *his* children, with the exception of Aneke who is too young yet, were found going to the same school in Hollywood. Ernest Williamson is a man who knows the bottom of the sea like a book and has the remarkable idea of doing movies under the sea. He says the bottom of the sea is like fairyland. We hope to go down with him some day.

Grace Moore spoke to us. She spoke in French and called us "Les Gosses." She had on a yellow satin robe with a train and was singing. That is, her voice was on a record and she was not singing then, to save her voice. But she looked as though she was singing, and they did not have the sound on so that what she was doing in the way of acting was going to match with her voice. This is the way they do it. You go into a sound room and sing on a record, and



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in this way opera singers like Grace Moore won't ruin their voices. She was extremely handsome with yellow hair and had a beautiful speaking voice. She acted like lots of ladies we met in Paris. Very European, and as though she could go into any language she wanted to speak.

Most of these people are remarkable in a way. When you think they might be in the five and ten or sitting by their swimming pools, and they are thinking if they have a secret heart, and what do they know that nobody else in the world knows, and at that moment millions of people are looking at them in China, India, England, Germany, France, Russia, and so on, and these millions of people are passing remarks, good and bad. So it goes to show you that they have some sense not to get hysterical about themselves but just let other people get hysterical.

And most of them act, therefore, as though they are glad they are what they are because it gives them a chance to be rich and live in rich houses because at one time they might not have ever lived in such a house, or had a chance to. And so far as we can see, for one bore they have hundreds of other nice things, and life is not so bad for them except at certain times

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when they are discouraged. So it is a very good thing for them to save their money, in case anything happens, so that no matter what, they can still have silks and satins, cars, trucks, and station wagons.

## *Chapter XVI*

JOHNNY AND I, RICHARD, had a date with Jane Withers to watch her act. She was having her lessons when we got there because she was working all morning. Alfalfa of Our Gang was there also and Jackie Searle and Douglas Scott.

The mothers were sitting around in a cemetery and the tombstones were made of wood, but they had names on them like Sam Glotz and so on. It looked like a real cemetery. Cowboys were hanging around and when the children were not acting they were doing their lessons or catching polliwogs in the swimming pool. They called Alfalfa and he came running over and he said, "Three minutes more to go on my lessons," and so he stood before the camera for something and then ran back for three minutes. So then Jane and Alfalfa did their acting and Jane comes into the cemetery with a basket and Alfalfa is

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acting awful hard, almost too hard. So Jane says to Alfalfa, "You know what to do, don't you?" So Alfalfa says, "Sure." So then Jane throws a lasso rope over the mike stick which is supposed to be a tree, and when she missed it she said, "Excuse me" to Mr. Al Werker, who is the director and seems to think Jane is a girl who knows what to do and what not to do and he doesn't have to explain much like he would to someone who is a dumb actor and that is about all. He says Jane is smart and has a brain. He would probably die if he had to direct some of these young toots who will never be anything else but what they are, dumb actors. So they do this scene and it starts when the director says, "Action." It wasn't very hard work. But it had to be very special so that their acting would go into the camera. Jane's stand-in had to stand in for the measuring only. Jane has her special chair called, "Jane Withers—Personal."

Then Jane and I, Richard, and Johnny went to get out the polliwogs with the other kids while Jackie and Douglas did their acting.

So after a while the acting was all over and they weren't going to throw the tomatoes they had all ready for the other scene. So up comes a pony and a cart and we all went riding around in it. But be-

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fore this Jane had to pose for pictures on the burro. Jane can smile real natural any time she wants to for photographs or movies. We would like to see how she turns on the tears. Mamma asked Shirley Temple how she cries in movies and she said, "Mamma tells me a sad story." Shirley has a very tender heart.

While we were riding around in the pony cart Alfalfa had to rehearse his part where he is an angel and they were pulling him up and down with a rope. He had to lie on his belly over a table so they could get all the hooks and straps right so he wouldn't break his neck.

Movie children are very quiet when they are in bed asleep. When they are awake they see lots of strangers and have to autograph a lot. Jane's dressing-room was rolled down and waiting for her. Her bedroom in her house where she really lives has pink Venetian blinds.

Jane has blue eyes and dark brown hair. She composes music and has 360 dolls. She gave me, Patience, a choice of three. I took one Japanese doll, very small, one about six inches high with six wigs, and one doll which was after a character in "Little Women," but which Jane now called "I, Patience." She has a motor bicycle, a wagon, a bicycle, hens from

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which she and I gathered 36 eggs, two man-eating crocodiles, baby ones which can be hypnotized by rubbing their bellies, turtles, about seven dogs, and a whole drawer full of knives.

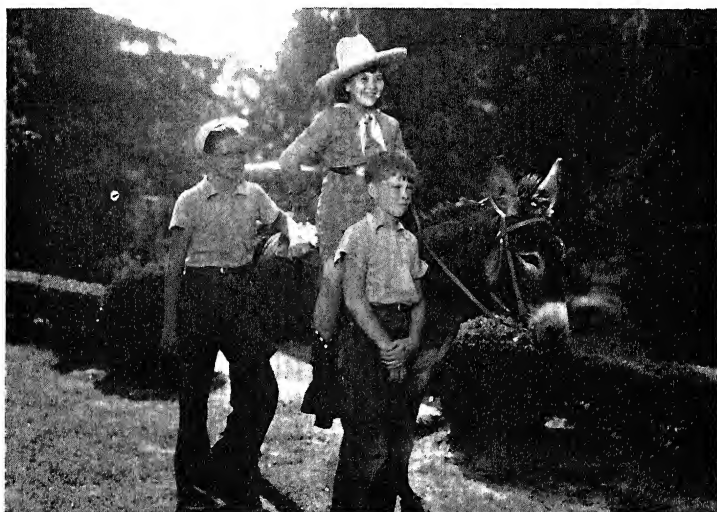
Her house is an exhibition house. Her mother saw it when it was on exhibition, so they bought it. It is a beautiful California house with a patio and a barbecue and a large fireplace and her room is pink, and altogether this is a lovely house which Jane lives in. She can play in any room in the house and jumped over the balconies with me and raced around the grass and allowed Johnny and Richard to play with all the wagons and other toys.

Jane is the mascot of the U S C right across from her and besides being a movie actress she is also a little girl equal to other girls and doesn't make you think she is on ice. She can play equal to any other girl and she does not act like a brat. She is polite, but you would not be bored because she was too polite. And she gave us yellow ice-cream which her father made, with cake. Her favorite food is spaghetti and meat balls. She was going into a new picture and to show you what you have to do, she had to learn to rope a steer and had to get all her teeth in order, since she is still young enough to have some out.



*Photo by James E. Abbe*

Johnny's birthday cake



*Photo courtesy Twentieth Century-Fox Studios*

Jane Withers, Richard and Johnny



Three young authors, Patience, Richard and Johnny Abbe



*Photo courtesy Twentieth Century-Fox Studios*

Patience put her stick in front of Jane Withers and Jane said she was "scene snatching"



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Her mother said she made Jane an actress because she always wanted to be one herself, so she made Jane one instead. She trained Jane herself. Her mother is going to put a wall up around them one day because so many people come not asked. But it won't hide the house, because this house is on a hill. Her mother built a race track around where the swimming pool is to be, because Jane used to race down the hill onto the highway. Jane has a bodyguard also, who hung around while we were there although he did not mix in with our play.

Everybody says Jane is a nice little girl always interested in other people besides herself and we believe that now we have met her and played with her.

It must be very hard for a child not to show off when all the world is looking at them, and when they go down the street crowds of people looking and asking for autographs. They are like little queens and kings. I guess that is why when you find a child star nice you are so surprised after hearing people say they must be horrible. But most of these kids ought to be nice anyway because they are so rich and get so many presents and everything is done for them and they are treated very special. They would have to be pretty horrible not to act nice.

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There are a lot of people out here who would not be where they are today if it were not for their children. Hollywood seems to be the only place in the world we have ever heard of where a human being can go to work almost the minute it is born. But then it also seems to be the only place in the world where you can be through before you even started to be a grown-up person.

We met a kid actor on the avenue. He is eleven years old, but he has the low-down on things here from the actor's point of view. He is not bothered about doing anything else but being an actor all his life. He just came from the movies when we met him and didn't have anything to do otherwise. So he says, "Say, I hear you turned down a radio contract and a couple of movie jobs." So we said, "Yes, but how did you hear that?" So he says, "Oh, you hear things around Hollywood." Then he says, "Gee, you're all wrong." So Mamma said, "Why do you think so?" So he says, "Well, here you are, kids of small fame." So Mamma said, "Oh, not so small." So he says, "Yeh, I know, they all say you are authors, but lemme tell you in a nutshell. What is that compared to radio and pictures? I'll admit you don't go around picking up authors off the street

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every day, but it doesn't make you so famous as being a radio or screen personality." So Mamma said, "Do you like being a movie actor?" So he says, "Personally?" So Mamma said, "Yes, personally." So he says, "Personally, no." "Well, then," said Mamma, "why are you in pictures? For the money?" He says, "Money has nothing to do with it." So we said, "Well, what then?" So he says, "Fame," and he almost looked like Napoleon.

So then he got in the car with us and went for a ride and he said right away he liked our boat, which is the first brand-new one we ever had. He began to talk and said, "I am an actor, a stage actor. I am not in movies." So Mamma said, "Why, you've done pictures." He says, "Yes, but I am doing nothing at the moment. I am going down and down and by fourteen I'm through." So Mamma said, "Oh no, you are having your ups and downs like all the rest. You'll probably knock them dead in your next." He says, "I don't know. Why, Mom and my manager have a nutty idea that I can't do bit parts. They say I went in as a star and I go out as a star." He told us he has already made 10,000 dollars in six months and is going to make \$250 a week on radio for thirteen weeks, and this will make about 20,000 dol-

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lars, and he is discouraged and considers himself a failure. Maybe he is telling the truth when he says money has nothing to do with it.

But he said, "250 dollars a week is pretty good money." We'll say it is. So he said he couldn't stand the casting bureau, Central Casting Bureau, where you sit around for a lot of stuck-up people gaping at you and sit around for three or four hours, and it is a fact that there are 2,000 children registered at this bureau, and they won't register you unless you have appeared in something as an actor, even though a child.

This boy was also feeling very sad because he said they consider him dirt, *dirt* beneath their feet at the professional school where he goes. This school is ten dollars a month and children who are actors go there. So when we wanted to know why they thought him dirt he said because he was not now doing a picture and had never done a picture with his name first and the rest second, in other words, a star. And he said these kids had not done such important things as he had in his time, either. They were just bit-part kids happening to be working.

And he was getting madder and madder about the way people were being stuck-up with him. He says,

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"Down at KNX I'm close fingers with all the big shots," and he showed us his fingers close together. "So," he says, "I goes down there one day and here is a small-time guy who only has a couple of lines to say in a new picture, see, and he sees me and he says, 'Why, hello,' and he's puttin' on a lot of dog. So I says to him, 'lo.' So I don't pay any attention to him, so I sees a guy I know and I says, 'May I go upstairs, Mr. So-and-so?' So this guy says, 'Sure, go right upstairs, Buddy.'" Then he says to us, "Get me?" Sure we got him.

So then he says, "Don't you kids ever do *bit parts*. Why, you can pick any kid off the street and they're tickled to death to do it, but I'm beginning to think you can't find every day three kids that can write a book. The reason I'm an actor," he says, "is because I can't write a book." Then he went on to tell us about a kid who is a star and he says, "Why, she used to live down in a dump over there with another girl and they were like that," and he showed us his two fingers together again. "So," he says, "now she's up and she won't even speak to this girl."

So Mamma said, "Maybe it isn't her fault. Maybe it's her mother's fault or somebody's." But he shook

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his head and said, "Uh, uh, it's her. She just got a big head."

Then he told us about another girl who is 12 years old and has been working for ten years and she is still making 10 dollars a day and only made fifty dollars on a big picture just out. He said it was a lousy shame, as she could act rings around most of the girl actors and yet she doesn't make any money. And you would be surprised how many grown-up people talk just like this too. They say they are much better than this one or that one, and yet they never get ahead. Hollywood is one place in the world that has people who talk more than other people and has more people who say they never have a chance.

You meet people here who have given up their jobs to be in the movies. We know one man who was in the opera for eight years, the big opera. So he had saved his money and was living quiet while an agent was trying to get him in the movies. So he would say, "Yes, I am getting along fine. I am getting a small part next week in a picture." So he is all set and then next week he finds out that somebody else got the job because the other person's agent was smarter to get it first and left him out. So he waits for another chance and so on and so forth. One day

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we saw him in a picture and he didn't show the front of his face once. They photographed his back all the time, but they say they get paid swell, and one day they will make good. I suppose they mean one day they will be seen front view and get even more money a week for it.

And even good actors from New York get little parts and they say they take them because they work for a week and get more money than if they worked for a month some place else. This is probably all right, but the trouble is they don't work all the time, and you have to have money to live every day and every week no matter how you look at it.

## *Chapter XVII*

WE, RICHARD AND JOHNNY, are writing this chapter because it is mostly about things that females are not allowed to do.

Once in Clisma, U.S.S.R., we were having an argument because the people in Moscow were going to take all the newspaper people up in a ship with forty people, and Mamma wanted to go up too, and we would have gone up too, if asked. Mamma would have gone, perhaps, but she had to stay on the ground with us because she drank some water out of the well. We had to change the well we had before because it ran dry, and had to use the one next to the toilet. So she had diarrhea. We did not get this because we drank tea.

So ever since, we were always wondering how it would be to go in an airplane.

Then we used to go out to Tempelhof, Berlin air-



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port, and see Papa go roaring out into the sky in a big silver plane to London. Once when Papa had disappeared in the sky we waited around and then suddenly we saw some soldiers coming and standing in line facing each other and presently General Goering came marching through the line and he went on a trip in the Von Hindenburg, the ship that got lost with 35 killed. We saw the newsreel of this awful explosion and it was a terrible sight.

When we were in Maine John Krimsky telephoned long distance and wanted to take me, Richard, out to Hollywood in a plane. But Mamma and Papa put their thumbs down.

But in spite of all these things we went out to March Field, California, Army air field, and got ready to go up in an army plane. This is a great honor for two boys, not in the army, and our age, nine and eleven.

So we got on the flying field and Lieutenant Cairn, a young and handsome man, came up to be the pilot and put on a parachute. Then two soldiers came up and put a parachute on each of us. They were very large for us, so they had to get smaller ones, and even then they were a little large and had to be strapped tighter.

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Lieutenant Fine said he would go up and Papa said he would also. So they all put parachutes on, and then they began telling us how to bale out, in case. This is the way you do: You suddenly find out that the plane is about to fall and you go to the door of the plane and you jump. After you jump you count, one, two, three, real slow, and then you pull with your right hand an iron handle on your left side by your hip, and this handle opens your umbrella which makes you only float instead of falling. The reason you must count three, real slow, is because if you pulled your umbrella too soon it might catch onto the wings of the plane, and this would turn out to be very sad.

Lieutenant Fine said, "Well, Abbe will take one child and I the other when we jump." Papa said, "Maybe I better take both children because I am so thin and have no weight. Maybe I would not have enough weight to come down and the two boys would help." I, Richard, weigh 84 pounds, and I, Johnny, weigh 70 pounds.

Mamma and Patience had to stay on the ground because they will not allow women in army planes. We were lucky. You never know how women will act in an emergency.

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March Field is one of the biggest army air fields in California, maybe in the United States, and they say a very good class of men are here, very educated and polite.

Bill and Kolma Flake came up to see us off too. When we arrived at the field we were taken into where the aviators slept, where they ate, the theater and then we went up in the control room. No women were allowed on this trip either. They said this was a man's world. They said women couldn't go into the barracks because some of the soldiers might be in their drawers and be mortified.

In the control room there were four radios and a lot of gadgets. The operator talks to the pilots in the air and says, "You can come in now, the landing field is clear." And the pilot says back, "I'm coming in and I am so-and-so in such-and-such a plane." The T thing is a new thing shaped like an airplane and it stays on the ground and shows the pilots in the air which way the wind is blowing. It is covered with lights at night. The pilots have to know which way the wind is blowing because they have to land against the wind or they may turn over and things happen to them.

So after we had looked all this over and gone into

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the hangars and saw the other planes we came to our plane. It was the C-14, Army Observation Plane, six years old.

Lieutenant Cairn got ready to get into the cockpit. He had a loud-speaker to speak to us inside the plane. We all had our pictures taken and there was a lot of jabber about us being lighter than air, especially Papa.

Papa's old friend, Arthur Menken, came to dinner at our house the other night and he said he knew a man who weighed only 120 pounds who jumped the other day and came down so hard he broke a leg. Lieutenant Menken was in the war in Spain with Papa. He was a Paramount newsreel man, but he is also a pilot in the Marines and flew over our school in Hollywood and waved to us.

Papa had to then go over to the office and sign a paper saying no matter what happened the U. S. Army was not to blame. Mamma felt very jittery. The Flakes looked on very quiet. Patience didn't say anything, but she was not nervous. Then we got into the plane. Sergeant Newbacker said to Mamma, "Well, there goes practically everything you have in the world." Mamma said afterwards she thought the motor started off very funny and was thinking about

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that all the time she sat in the office of Major Duncan making conversation.

So we started and taxied to the other end of the field to take off against the wind. We felt fine when we taxied along the ground and even when we started the motor fast to take off. We were not scared. Finally we could see our wheels off the ground and they were still turning around while we were in the air. Papa said the most fun would be when we landed.

We were strapped to our seats. Everybody was. Because the roar of the motors did not allow you to talk as usual when people are in company we roared at each other inside the plane. Lieutenant Fine was roaring to us what it all was about. It certainly is something to be riding around in the sky for almost an hour looking down on mountains and the earth where most people stay all their lives. There are millions of people who have never been in an airplane, and millions who won't go up. They would, though, if they once took a chance and got to the idea that they could take it, no matter how scared they were. Army men are always going up in planes and if anything happens they bale out.

We could have stayed in the air forever. It didn't

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seem like it, but we did go up 5,000 feet and went about 100 miles an hour, although it did not seem that fast, and we were up for almost one hour. When we banked to turn it looked as though we were falling, but it did not feel like that. All we felt was that we were riding around and there was nothing under us but air. This was really something. We hit an air pocket but we did not feel scared because we thought this was supposed to be how it was to be. But after a while we had to go down, because everything that goes up has to come down sometime. So we came down. We knew the earth was under us real close when we made a good bump. It was an expert landing.

So then Mamma and the Flakes and Patience came to meet us, but we could not get over this ride. It was marvelous, and we were very sorry we had not been born at March Field so we could have grown up with aviators and airplanes. Being born in the U. S. Army would give you plenty of advantages, like airplanes and men's work, not fit for sissies.

So we all went over to the target practice where officers were shooting at a target that turns around and only gives you a few seconds to hit it before it disappears. These men were shooting with forty-

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fives, very nasty-looking guns, and Patience, who does not care for noise outside of the noise she makes herself, stuck her fingers in her ears. After this the Captain allowed us to shoot twenty-two pistols, even Patience, but he made sure we did not point the gun down or sideways or backwards. Just frontwards. And after we shot to bend our elbows only to rest our arms while the gun was still pointing at the target. This trains you to keep your brains thinking and your eye steady. So this is all about March Field. Except, two days later our plane, the first one we were ever in, crashed, and the pilot baled out.

So now that we were hanging around with the U. S. Army we went up with Papa one hundred and twenty-five miles to Muroc Dry Lake in the Mojave Desert where they were having a war, make-believe, of course. They were dropping bombs and gas. Muroc was supposed to be Los Angeles and there were ninety planes there defending it while planes came over and tried to bomb them. The officers and men were brought to this desert by plane from all over the United States so they could put on this war.

This lake was seven miles long. The Anti-Aircraft Camp was seven miles over on the other side of this lake. But it wasn't a real lake because there was no

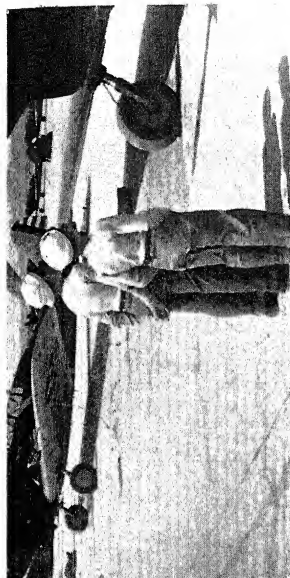
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water in it. Phil Modicett, Isobel Sheldon's husband, says this lake is only dry very recently, about three hundred years.

It is a large, flat place, and smooth like a tennis court, natural, and supposed to be the hottest place in the United States. If you throw a baseball on it it just keeps on rolling it is so flat. You have to wear sun glasses and a hat. And around this hot flat place which looks very lonely and silent are big mountains. These mountains are not snow-capped. You see a mirage all day long. You think you see water, or even waves on the shore of an ocean, or a lake, and the mountains look like islands. You see the Santa Fé train away off and it looks like it is going right through the water. And you see an auto coming from away off and it looks like it was coming over the top of the water. When the pioneers were coming this way through the Mojave Desert they shouted and cried and rushed ahead. At last! *Water! Water!* But there was no water. Only heat, *heat*. And this heat was what made the mirage.

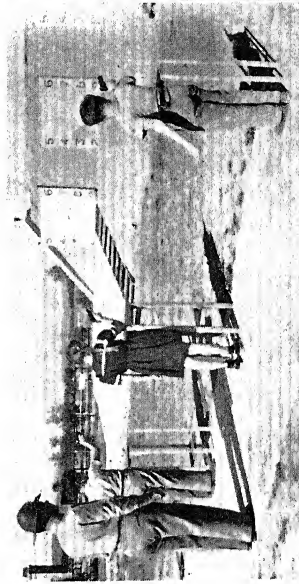
So this was the place they were having a make-believe war. Safe enough, all right, because no human beings would be living around there much. We drove across this desert and the wind was blowing hard with





*Photos by James E. Abbe*

The Abbes beside the C-14, in which Richard and Johnny flew

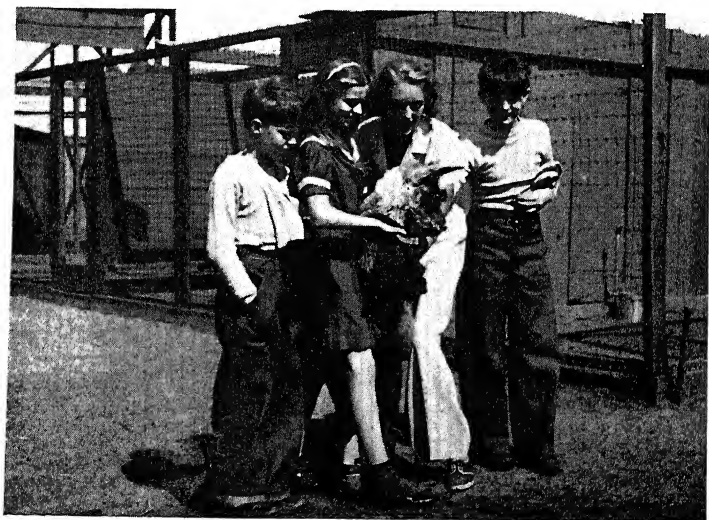


*Photos by James E. Abbe*

(1) Captain Schwartz teaching the Abbe children to shoot an Army pistol. (2) The Abbes and some Army friends



Marion Davies, Patience, Johnny and Richard on the terrace at  
Hearst's castle



The Abbes and Mrs. David Crocker at Hearst's ranch

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lots of dry dust. You could imagine the bones of men and oxen that used to be lying around there with the wind moaning over them at night in the long ago.

When we were getting to this desert we got lost and were riding around and around and then we met some women and they said follow us, but they got lost too, so we turned back and then met some artillerymen. About eight of them got in our car and said they would show us the way, so they rode over the floor of the lake with us and brought us into camp. The men were all asleep in a long line of tents, and Lieutenant Ryan got up and gave us army cots and blankets and a tent and clean sheets. The wind was blowing hard across the desert and the tent flaps kept flapping and sounded like a man trotting on a horse. But we were tired and went right to sleep.

But we did not know while we were sleeping in that tent along with the U. S. Army, even General Andrews, that at six the next morning Mamma would start to worry for fifteen hours. You see, when the eight artillerymen left us to go to sleep, Lieutenant Ryan said to one of them, and he also took the mileage of the car, "Take this car back to the Anti-Aircraft Camp and park it at Headquarters."

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So the boy said, "Yes, sir." But he did not do this. He took our car for a joy ride to Los Angeles. He must have been thinking he would get the car back by six in the morning, after being out all night with it, and we would never know.

At six in the morning a policeman came to the door of our house in Hollywood where Mamma and Patience were, and he said, "Go down to the morgue and look at a dead body with blue pants." So Mamma went to the morgue with our cousin Paul while Aunt Emma waited at home for the telephone. Mamma found a dead man with hair on his head and our car was a wreck.

Papa is not tall, so Mamma thought they took the sheet off the wrong man because right next to the man Mamma looked at was a covered man smaller and thinner like Papa.

Mamma did not know what had happened to us. So she called March Field and had radio messages sent to Lake Muroc and was even going to hire an airplane and fly up to Muroc and even called the Missing Persons Bureau and had all the detectives and police in Los Angeles and Hollywood working. So then about five o'clock the detectives said the dead man Mamma

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saw was a soldier from Muroc. He said he did not know where Papa and we were but he thought we were safe, although he couldn't say, and he would let Mamma know.

But Muroc was a war zone and no messages got in or out except military messages. So then we found out at Muroc our car was gone and something was wrong, so we started to go home by bus and called Mamma at nine o'clock. So that was the first time she knew in fifteen hours we were safe.

And all this time we were watching gas attacks and putting on gas masks. When the gas came soldiers would rush all over the camp on motorcycles sounding a siren and another soldier would wave a black-and-white flag and on would go all the gas masks. We all looked like beetles with the gas masks on.

At six that morning, the very moment the policeman was talking to Mamma, we were having breakfast in the officers' mess tent. We had potatoes and plenty of them, bacon and eggs, bread and butter and iced lemonade. Then we went out and watched the planes taking off. They fly in formation even when they take off. Then we saw the enemy drop bombs and we could see the smoke and dust, but too far off

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to hear. And later on when we had seen all the war they had for that day we played baseball on the floor of the lake. The officers asked Papa all about the Spanish war which he had just come from. Papa says he liked this war better than the war in Spain where they kill all prisoners on both sides. Mamma says she has been through enough wars of her own to like any kind of a war.

So the C-14 we flew in crashed, and the first new auto we ever owned, a Ford Convertible Sedan, crashed.

Just the same, we have decided to be aviators except that Johnny may decide to be a choo-choo engineer. But he has not decided positively yet, being a very careful guy who doesn't make up his mind in too much of a hurry.

So now that we have seen what war is like, even though make-believe, we have decided to know what we are doing every time we are doing it. The best you can do is be an expert in whatever you are doing and be careful. They say there will always be war. Well, if everybody saw what war really is they would not jump into it like lunatics and wave their arms around. They'd be careful, and in this way there

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might never be a war. For no matter how you look at it, the things they use for wars will kill you or hurt you so bad you are not much good afterwards to do what you have to do later on.

## *Chapter XVIII*

ONE DAY PAPA ARRIVED FROM the war in Spain and came out on the train. He was tired of blood and bullets and executions. Mamma bought a car for \$135 and right away Papa insulted it by calling it a hearse, although we thought it was pretty good. So the next day there was an argument but Papa came home with a convertible Ford, with the top down. (This was the Ford that the soldier smashed.)

Right after Papa brought the Ford home it rained for days and days, and so we went in the pouring rain up to San Simeon, to Mr. Hearst's ranch. All the way up Mamma said if she got one drop of rain on her there would be war in our family, and Phil, who sold us the car, had not been able to sleep all night when he heard it start to rain, because he had heard the argument about open cars. So he sent a mechanic



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to put the top up before Mamma got up in the morning.

So we arrived at San Simeon. Mr. Hearst is no sissy, because he has a real ranch road. Dirt. Only a very remarkable man could have such a place as San Simeon.

When we arrived we went through a gate and a man said, "Mr. and Mrs. Abbe and three children," so he let us pass. Then we began to go up and up and there was fog all around and it was raining very hard. We knew this was a ranch all right, but a different kind than we had ever been on. Soon, as we went up and up, we saw a gate and we got out and opened it, but we found out the next day you could ride over an iron bar and this opens the gate and you ride over another iron bar on the other side and this closes the gate. But we saw a sign painted in red, *Dangerous to pedestrians. Wild animals.* And we did not know about this iron bar so we got out, all the time looking for the wild animals to jump on us. This was really quite marvelous, like going in for the first time on Perry Park Ranch. Soon we saw some wild animals' eyes staring at us as we went along and some llamas stood in our path. It was very dark, so you couldn't tell what kind of animals might come along, although

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we knew that wild animals mostly run away from you anyway, with the exception of a few. But we kept seeing these shining eyes, and so we decided positively that this man we were going to see was positively no sissy.

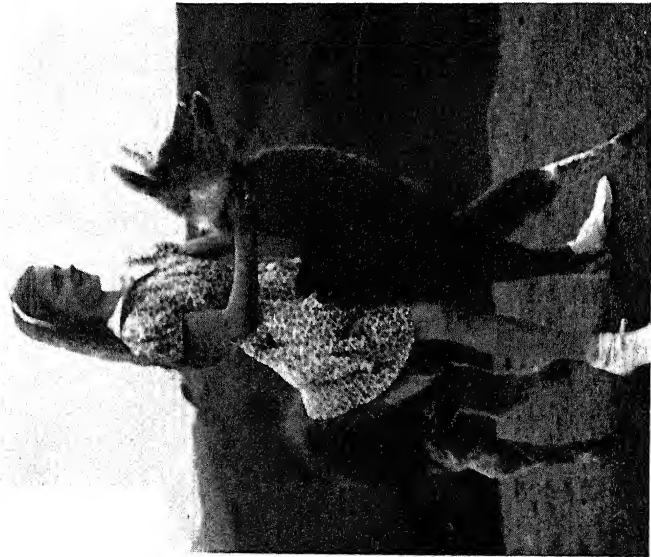
As we went up and up we could see behind us the airport, a private one belonging to Mr. Hearst, with the lights shining through the fog. It was all very rich sort of in the fog, but we had no idea how rich until we saw what we came to in the end. The road was very slippery like all ranch roads when it is raining, so it was very exciting as we went up and up. The lights on the castle were shining through like silver and it was like going up to a castle on a cloud.

So after three and one-half miles of going up and up we landed at the castle door, and we got out in the pouring rain and went up a large white staircase full of statues, and we had never in our lives gone up such a castle stairs in our lives. But then they said, this was only the little house, but it looked very big to us. So the housekeeper then came and took us to the big castle, and we thought we were going into a cathedral. This was really some castle, fit for a King. You went in the big high door and went into a large room full of tapestries and statues and a large fireplace with



*Photo by James E. Abbe*

This is William Randolph Hearst and his special dachshund he calls Helen



*Photo by James E. Abbe*

This is I, Patience, with Johnny the llama up at Hearst's



*Photo Herbert Dallinger, Universal Studios*

This was the second time we met Deanna Durbin

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logs four feet long burning, and it was warm and although a castle, very comfortable, and people were standing around drinking cocktails in front of the fire waiting to go in to dinner, when we came in. They smiled at us, although they did not know us.

So the housekeeper took us through a door that looked like the wall, but it was really a door and this took us to the stone staircase, and you could walk up this stone staircase or go in the lift, which you ran yourself, like the ones in Europe. This was made of bronze. So we went up in the lift to the second floor. This was called the Cloister. You came into a hall, and there was a large library full of remarkable books and Grecian vases worth millions of dollars. Through this hall you then went either down one cloister balcony or the other to your room. The housekeeper would have given us three rooms, one for me, Patience, one for Richard and Johnny, and one for Mamma and Papa. But we said we would stay in one room, Johnny and Richard in one bed with a golden cover, and the bed carved and I, Patience, in the other, also with a golden cover and the bed also carved. The ceiling was all carved too, and very special like the beds. This room was also worth millions of dollars. Richard felt so much like he was in a castle that he

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could not believe we had electric lights for one minute and went around with a lighted match in his hand, as though imagining he was a priest prowling around the castle. There was a bathroom for Johnny and me, Richard, and one for Patience, and a dressing-room. Mamma put all the remarkable china in the drawer, because money could never buy these things if they were broken. It was very nice and warm after coming out of the cold rain, although this castle was of stone.

Mamma and Papa had a room with two remarkable beds and a carved ceiling out of some other castle. Their room was with blue satin covers, and in both rooms were real paintings, worth millions. But after all, after the first night you can get really used to anything, very rich things and very poor things. But this was the richest place we were ever in in our lives, and it was a funny thing but we got used to it and got dressed for dinner. Papa put on his dinner jacket, and when we got downstairs he was the only man dressed, but he was the best dressed man in the castle that night.

Mr. Hearst then came in dressed in beige tweed. He is a very quiet man. He does not say very much but listens to what you say. He has pet dachshunds

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which go all around the castle by themselves. He has one special one called Helen.

The ceilings in the castle in all the rooms belonged to some Queen long ago, and in the little castle they had a bed belonging to some Cardinal. And on the top floor where they had gargoyles outside were gold beds very rich with golden covers. Up here it was called the Celestial Suites. All this whole place was out of the long ago and was come to life out of what you read about in the fairy tales. Only fit for a great lord.

And down below there were big houses with more things out of the long ago, because there was not room for them in the castle. But this castle, just the same, did not look like a museum. Just a place where you expected the servants to be dressed in tapestry, but they were not. They had white coats on. Away down on the horse ranch there were 278 Arabian horses, supposed to be the best in the world. Women went riding on them around the track to exercise them and they were hard to manage and nervous thoroughbreds.

Then there were lions, tigers, camels, polar bears, zebras, buffaloes, kangaroos, all these animals running around loose except the lions, tigers and chimpanzees.

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There was an ostrich who was all by himself because he was a bad ostrich, and got into too many fights, so he stayed by himself, after he fought the camel. The camel won, but the ostrich was always looking for fight so he has to stay alone now. Then there was a giraffe, the largest in captivity. It is a funny thing that a giraffe has the longest neck in the world, but he cannot make one noise. All he can do is spit. Mary, the chimpanzee, had a baby, and her husband Jimmie was in a cage all by himself and jumped up and down making faces. All the lions, tigers and spotted leopards had names. And there were other wild animals like deer and llama, all running around wild with the zebras. This was certainly some place. Johnny was the pet llama, and he let me, Johnny, take him up and down the mountain, run with him, open his mouth and ride on his back, and let me also put him in his cage and take him out. This was some llama. Then they had a baby doe and a baby kangaroo, which got their dinner from a milk bottle.

When we went to the indoor swimming pool or over to the zoo in the morning an enormous army of dachshunds would come roaring down to meet you in their kennels, long-haired dachshunds, sausage dachshunds and also blue dogs and Irish wolfhounds,



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which did not meet you. They were very afraid although very large.

This was some place, because if you got tired of all the animals, which you were not apt to anyway, you could swim indoors or outdoors, play tennis, go motoring for 45 miles and still be on Mr. Hearst's land, or just stand and look around and see the ocean from this mountain, and land going on and on and covered with cattle, supposed to be the best in the world, about 50,000 head. Some ranch! Not only a real ranch, but also with a castle on it which no money could buy.

The swimming pool indoors was in a building all its own, with Greek statues and blue shining through the water going up lighter and lighter up the walls until it was light blue with gold in it. And dressing-rooms, each with a comb and brush and bathing suits and towels for all, in each, and shoes for all if you wanted to play tennis, and so on and so forth. The tennis court had big searchlights shining on it when you wanted to play at night.

The kitchen was bigger than any hotel kitchen. The fireplaces were as big as a little room and in each room downstairs with big logs burning. There was a vase upstairs 1937 years old. There was a cup up-

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stairs in the library on the top floor made by Benvenuto Cellini. Why, no matter where you looked it was all money could not buy. It pays to run newspapers.

Then the dining-room looked like the Chapel Royal in Westminster Abbey, except there were no coffins there. The windows were away up and light was shining through them on flags and down on the tables with silver bowls so big you could wash twins in them at once. Everything was very rich and the chairs you sat on looked as though they came out of a church or else from some King's house.

So this was all Mr. Hearst's and anyone who could get a castle like that must be somebody, either a very, very rich man, the richest in the whole world, or else a very, very smart man. The food was very good too, like real camembert cheese, all kinds of olives and things of that sort, ice-cream that came in pictures, turkey, filet of sole, sausages, chicken, liver and bacon, bacon and eggs, orange juice, tomato juice or any kind of juice you wished, caviar, all sorts of pickles, and all of the finest food that can be made for polite guests.

Mr. Hearst did not come down to breakfast, but for lunch, where you picked out what you wanted

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and four servants gave it to you on a plate and then gave you your dessert at table. At dinner everyone sat down at once and the servants watched to see that you got everything your heart could desire in the way of food. Mr. Hearst sat at the middle of the long table and spoke kindly to all, but he did not look to see how you were eating or how much. He seems to enjoy food.

Marion Davies won \$1429 at the horse races and can read fortunes in teacups. She is a pretty lady who can play tennis very well and can turn somersaults. There were a lot of people there including Matt Moore, who says his hair was the exact color of Johnny's when he was young. Mr. and Mrs. Crocker were there. She is very chic and born to wear clothes. Marion Davies had a different costume on every time we saw her. She is as neat as a pin. Lord and Lady somebody were also there. We forget their name. He had a wonderful complexion, very red cheeks. There were also a lot of other ladies and gentlemen there, but you could not remember all the names, because this was the sort of a place that if you did not come to breakfast before 11:30 A.M. you did not get any breakfast, because then they were getting ready for lunch, and so everybody said how do you do, and

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went about enjoying themselves and nobody told you what to do.

There is a large theater and we saw moving pictures every night at six o'clock. You could enjoy yourself with all there was there. You could go jump in the outdoor pool, the most beautiful one we ever saw, with statues. So we were never in a place like this before in our lives, so rich and yet not a bit cold or hard. We do not ever expect to be in a better place. There could not be any other place better than this.

But I, Johnny, would not want to have a castle like Mr. Hearst's. It would cost too much money feeding the animals and running the house.

We are now living in a little green house with wooden walls on a hill. The street says, "This is not a through street," and we are at the end of this street. We can see Hollywood down below with all the colored lights and you would think we are settled down because we are beginning to get some animals around us. One dog who answers to the name of Buddy, a wire-haired whose tail was not cut when he was a pup, otherwise he would be a thoroughbred. He followed Richard home, so you see it is true that even lost dogs are thoroughbreds in Hollywood.

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Then we have Genevieve, an absolute thoroughbred. Genevieve Tobin brought her up to us, and her brother will take care of him in case she gets worms or some other disease that thoroughbred dogs get. Like Frou-frou, that other thoroughbred that Bruce and Jane Lockwood gave us. It was too refined, so died.

But we are not settled down because we have got this far on our way to China and Japan. Now that we have finished looking at the insides of Hollywood we now look at it and see that it is now a pretty place with pretty little houses on certain streets and there is a smell all over Hollywood because all over on the streets you see marvelous flowers, purple, orange, yellow, pink, lavender and so on. Because it is now spring. And no matter where you are, if it is spring-time, you have the idea that everything is wonderful, whether it is or not.

This is the end.

These are the playmates in the Selma Avenue School, Hollywood, California, who wish to be mentioned in this book.

GEORGE JARDIN  
CHARLES MARCELLUS  
FRANK PUTMAN  
HOWARD SCHEROTTER  
CHARLES VANGEL  
PAT WREFORD  
PAT DILLON  
FRANCIS CACCIATORI  
GEORGE IGAWA  
GENE MCDANIEL  
RICHARD PETERS  
DICK NICHOLS  
ALEXANDER PRITZA  
BOBBY TRUE  
EDGAR CARSWELL  
BUSTER DENNY  
FELTON BRAKEBILL  
BARBARA ENNIS  
IRENE FELDMAN  
VIVIAN LLOYD  
AGNES MILLSFIELD  
SUZANNE PERRY  
JOAN REYNERTSON  
JOAN SANDERS  
GLORIA STANFIELD  
NORMA JEAN TURNER

JIMMIE LOVE  
JOHN EDWARDS  
GEORGE MILLSFIELD  
BOBBY ABEL  
CHARLES PARRECA  
DAVID VAN BECKER  
VERNON LANG  
JAMES O'KEEFE  
TED LUCENAY  
SONIA LANDAU  
JACK DILLON  
LEWIS KOVALOVSKY  
BERNICE HESS  
GLORIA JONES  
JACK ELLIOTT  
DAVID HERBERT  
DOROTHY EDWARDS  
BETTY MAY JACOBSON  
CAROLYN FISHER  
JEAN ROUSSO  
GERALDINE BLAKE  
PATRICIA BURTON  
JACK TAYLOR  
URBANA HUFFMAN  
HAROLD CLAY  
ESTER DAVIS

MARILYN STANNARD  
DONALD ASQUITH  
BARBARA HOLDEN  
MARY LOU HURLEY  
BESSIE L. WAGNER  
ELINORE PERRY  
BOBBY HUTTO  
BETTY JEAN BARRETT  
DORIS HAMMOND  
CORNELIA YOUNG  
RUTH CLAY  
DAN DOWNEN  
JANIS BROWN  
PEGGY BAKER  
DAWN STANDING  
JEANNE RUYLE  
LILLIAN MARQUEZ  
LEA RUTH SPENCER  
BETTE OKIZAKI  
BEVERLY THOMAS  
MAMIE LOUISE WELLS  
ANDREW JACKSON  
BUD NICHOLS

BOBBY SPROATS  
ROBERT KNIGHT  
EDWARD GALLAGHER  
DOLORES STENGER  
JACQUELINE DEE  
YOLANDA MAZZUCCO  
TERRY VAN BECKER  
HARVEY KLITZKE  
GLORIA MARIE ALVORD  
MARILYN E. WILLIAMS  
ELSIE LOUISE HELM  
CLARICE MANNING  
JACK GOMEZ  
JAMES BRAZIE  
BILLY RAPP  
MARILYN SMITH  
FRANCIS X. VALDEZ  
ALICE GOURVITCH  
SALLY ANN ELGIN  
THELMA NESS  
KENCHI IKEDA  
DIANA YANGAS  
MADELEINE TURNER

### HONORABLE MENTION

MRS. CONNIE JOHNSON, Ridgefield, Conn.  
JIMMIE GRANT, Woodridge, New Jersey.  
CUB PACKS 601 (About to be Boy Scouts of America,  
Southern California).  
SAMARKAND HOTEL, Santa Barbara, Calif.

























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